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FROM

Rev. John G. Palfrey,
Cambridge.

30 April, 1863.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

41-447

by
John Agawam

If it be a delusion, it is at least innocent, and honourable to human nature. No lure of sordid pleasure can entice; no Circe's fascinating cup. . . . . WAKEFIELD.

1828.

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NOTE.

As some of the Poems in this collection have appeared in print when they were suggested by public occurrences and public feelings, they may attract no attention, and give no pleasure when those occurrences and feelings have ceased to interest. But as they were incorrectly printed, it was thought to be no misemployment to collect and print correct copies for friends who might receive some gratification from their perusal. They are accordingly now printed; not to be offered to the public by being published. And as some of the writer's young friends may not comprehend passages which allude to the times, or to the spirit of the times, a few notes are subjoined.

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POEMS.

ADVERSITY.

OF fancied wo, enough to him belongs
  Who revels at the honied feast of ease;
Whose feeble soul the pride of manhood wrongs,—
  Child of the silk-worm, trembling at the breeze!

Storms, real storms, my earliest blossoms shake,
  The old oaks crash around my sapling side;
Their up-torn roots my limbs rough-galling rake,
  And my lorn branches float the wasting tide.

What then?—enough remains of youthful strength
  To bear the spire erect, to bid it heave
From the touch'd earth, and far below, at length,
  The storms of malice, power, or rage to leave.

My country's breath once nerved my feeble frame;
  The world, a little world, once called me friend;
That, led to hope, and lit the spark of fame,
  This, quench'd the glow, and bade the hope descend.

But why?—Because the chilling wrath of man,
  The little dampness of a showery morn,
The cloud of passion bounded by a span,
  Eclipsed its light, and made its hope forlorn!

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Because the shade, projecting o'er the land
Of vaulted domes, where surly avarice reigns,
And gold-born vanity assumes a stand,
Blasting with tainted breath the flowery plains.

Because the myrmidons of fortune's train
Guard the bright portals of the rising day,
Lash on the fiery coursers, or restrain,
Here pour the warmth, and there exclude the ray!

And is there not a sun within the breast,
Where sober virtue drinks the flood of light,
As the bold eagle, smooth'd his raven crest,
When towering up the trackless edge of night,

With orbs dilating to the blaze of day,
Sails in stern dignity the clouds before,
Bolts through the storm, and ploughs his darksome way,
There, in submissive grandeur, to adore?

There is,—and in its equal ray there seems
No rude pre-eminence, no partial fate—
If in the night the soul dissolves in dreams,
The dawn restores her to her perfect state—

And dreams the man whom difficulties fright;
Extraneous ills but temper well our joy;
Does the tide quit the shore? with fresh delight
It flows again, and floats the sunken buoy.

I love to rove the margin of that deep,
Glutting its ravin wave with many a wreck,
Shrinking with fear at the old pilot's sleep,
While the storm rolls its ocean o'er the deck.

I love to stand on the cliff's pendant brink,
To feel the rocks shake at the billow's beat,
Grasp the sharp ledge, and from the terror shrink,
While seas, and clouds, and cliffs, and lightnings meet.

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For when the calm succeeds, words are too faint
To sketch the grand sensations of the soul;
Trumbull's life-giving pencil fails to paint
The heart's quick beat, the eyes' tumultuous roll!

Satiate of pleasure, let me often haste
To rouse my nature 'midst the glorious strife,
Of the dark fountain's turbid waters taste,
And harden to the storms of active life.

And thence retiring to the calm recess
Of love's persuasive bosom, lull my care;
There lovely woman's lenient power confess,
And all the waste of nature's war repair.

IMPATIENCE IN SICKNESS.

I tell the boy again to lock
That gate—it never can offend,
Of all the hundred men who knock,
One real, useful, prudent friend.

My Sidney at all times admit;
He will be gentle as the night;
Rare is his patience to submit,
His silent presence is delight.

The time may come when I may give
Expression to my inward sense;—
Ah, no! if well again I live,
Expressive thanks would be offence.

A mind so exquisitely fine,
So delicately touch'd, enjoys
A sweet complacency divine,
Which glowing eloquence destroys.

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Retire—I'll try awhile to sleep,
Return not till you hear my bell—
'Tis foolish weakness thus to weep;
I know thy wish wouldst make me well.

Why let such anguish tear thy heart?
Why shed those melting tears for me?
O! while from love 'tis hard to part,
Make it not more to part from thee!

What though this fretful being end?
Let former kindness calm thy soul;
There yet remains as kind a friend
To nourish, comfort, and control.

To her, thy kindness I bequeath,
Thy faithful, constant heart resign;
She round a sympathy shall breathe
On all that once was partly mine.

So soon return'd! why thus obtrude?
What hand is this? my Cecil here?
Forgive this base ingratitude,
And check, O check, that chiding tear.

Nay, now from off those lips remove
That seal of silence—I am well!
The presence of the friend I love,
For sickness has a potent spell.

The chattering crew's officious zeal,
Scarce can my charity forgive;
Yet they have kindest hearts that feel!
Yet they would comfort me to live!

Yours is a dialect unknown,
The unwritten language of the heart;
Its signs pathetic, are its own,
Varied with tenderness and art.

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'Tis in your look, your touch, your smile,
Now shaped to animate or lull;
With soft expression to beguile,
New hopes excite, regrets annul.

Come nearer, love, and let me catch
Those breathing thoughts that pass thy lip;
Not to the bee the new-mown thatch
So sweet, nor honey-dews they sip!

TO GEORGE R. MINOT, ESQ.

While composing his History of Massachusetts.

While others on the law decide,
And through the Norman records grope,
Lay thou the wrangling bar aside,
And give thy genius ampler scope.

There is a spirit in each age,
Which time, with rapid breath, dispels;
Who stamps that spirit on his page,
In fair, historic truth excels.

Rude is the picture—but how just,
By Morton, or by Winthrop, drawn;
In lines their progeny may trust—
An infant nation's struggling dawn.

Yet from opinion's changing rays,
The colours fade, the figures sink;
Even now, obscured by brighter days,
They stand upon oblivion's brink!

These are the fountains from whose source,
The love of country must be drank;
They saw and plann'd a nation's course
While floating on a shivered plank!

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In Livy's gallery we behold
The grandeur of poetic art;
In Sallust's tablets, how unfold
The genius, spirit, times, and heart!

Thy equal mind, on truth intent,
With names of old may dare contend,
Who deem'd exalted talents lent,
T' adorn their country, or defend.

What though our country's tardy voice,
Nor urge thy labour, nor reward?
The historic muse approves thy choice,
And all the wise and good applaud.

Ere laurell'd science twines her wreath,
The bud of genius must unfold;
Our hardy sires, the snow beneath,
Grew strong, unmindful of the cold.

Now warm and genial suns appear,
Where gloom and silence reign'd of late,
Earth revels in the lengthened year,
And men a paradise create.

Mark'st thou yon river's peopled shore?
Its wheat-crown'd banks, its bleating meads?
Yon dancing wherry's rapid oar,
Where not a stone its course impedes?

Yet when beneath the hoary oak,
To jocund sport awakes the shell,
The sturdy youth their sires invoke,
The tale of ancient times to tell.

Mark'st thou to the industrious sire,
Who clear'd the river, tam'd the hill,
What love and gratitude desire,
One sweet memorial of their skill?

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Yet old, traditionary tales,
Though simple as the ages gone,
The smiling, pleasure-breathing vales,
The unchartered evergreen of thorn,

Say more than if the castle told,
"Some wily victor ravaged here,
"Your sires to vassalage he sold,
"Or scourged, the pyramid to rear."

For where no frowning castle's found,
No despotism has been known;
The honest peasant reaps the ground,
By freeborn fathers tamed and sown.

Short is the tale of tyrant power,
Easy the story of its reign;
Whose march, was destined to devour!
Whose glory, to recount the slain!

But the slow progress of a tribe,
By nature's energies alone,
In vain is learning to describe,
When the first principles have flown.

Yet lo! with careless ease we sleep,
While rapid sweeps unstable time,
Disgorgeless in oblivion's deep,
The records of a nation's prime!

While to hoar winter's snowy wells,
Ridg'd by eternal frost and hail,
When spring the laughing current swells,
And cheers, swift Merrimac, thy vale;

Urged as the vernal streams descend,
Exciting wonder as they flow,

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Some ardent minds their source ascend,
And mete the untravelled realms of snow.*

Shall from a country's wasting page,
Which moth, and rust, and seasons maim,
Ere darkened by a crowding age,
None snatch the unmutilated name?

Yes, ere the fabled tale is wrought,
While yet the features are imprest,
Shall thy discriminating thought,
Portray the pilgrims of the west.

TO WINTER.†

Hail, winter, hail! beneath thy snows,
I feel the strength of nerve return;
Again my heart with rapture glows;
With freedom's wonted fires I burn.

For when despotic summer came,
And bath'd the limbs in sickly dew,
Was quench'd the warm desire of fame,
And lost the power to wish for you.

* At this time physical science engaged exclusively the attention of the student. Antiquarian researches had scarcely commenced. Dr. Belknap and Judge Minot were among the first to collect and methodize the materials of our civil history. These collections serve to elucidate the history of past times, and to develop the character and spirit of a people, whose advancement may be more accurately traced, than that of any other nation on the globe.

† The uncommonly hot summer of 1798, when Boston was dismayed by the yellow fever, was succeeded by a remarkably severe and cold winter, and every symptom of the pestilence disappeared.

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Then languished love, and fond desires,
The soul in lassitude dissolves;
The bowl no blissful thought inspires,
No scene of extacy revolves.

To turn her waxen tablets o'er,
Memory her finger then refused,
And fancy, if she bent to pore,
From melting figures shrunk confused!

If straws seem mountains, drops seem lakes,
Through visions which the senses blind,
What stranger, larger spectres makes
This looming mirage of the mind?

As through a darkened hall, when thrown,
By some optician's magic ray,
An emmet's shade, (the form unknown,)
Swells to a mammoth beast of prey.

What gloom from fear, what fear from ill?
Despondence, superstition brings;
Reason deserts the helm of will,
Imagination drops her wings.

What height could sober reason climb?
What scene imagination paint?
From the dull level what sublime,
When the whole atmosphere was faint?

The creeping rivers dull and slow,
Seem'd like the panting pulse to fail,
So currentless, in leaden flow,
They went to ocean weak and pale.

The forest, late a moving show,
Now seem'd to take a deadly blight;
Nor winged the hawk, nor screamed the crow;
No branches held a leaf upright.

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The birds, through ether clear that wing,
Depressed upon earth's surface lie,
There was not space their notes to fling,
The air would not uplift the sky.

The sun who gives the fields their blush,
When his fierce rays are not too near,
Sends them in one impetuous rush,
And all the fields are in their sere.

The sky seemed pressing on the earth,
The air had no elastic bound;
Of animation, was a dearth,
Thunder could not transmit a sound!

Mortals were dressed in sickly hue,
Love trembled at affection's kiss,
And those once sparkling eyes of blue,
Dimmed in the melancholy bliss.

Those lids that opened on the day
Orbs of intelligence and love,
Fell, as on chastened eagles lay
The drooping pinions of the dove.

What though her fruit of golden rind,
Shed Summer with redundant hand?
She scorch'd the sinews of the mind,
And breath'd disease across the land.

And yet, when pouring down the sky,
Fierce Winter shivers with his blast,
Can man his healing power deny,
Or long to see the tempest past?

Forgetful of that flood of heat,
When the cold serpents pant for breath,
In the deep-rifted caves retreat,
Scar'd at the vapours charg'd with death!

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But Winter, in thy freezing wings,
Conceal'd a thousand pleasures lie;
Parent of health! who jocund brings
The rosy cheek, the sparkling eye.

Then let the hearth full cheerly glow,
While our friends drain the mantling bowl;
While the sky chills the air with snow,
'Tis good to cheer with wine the soul.

To-morrow, venison from the lake,
Now, nuts from yon tree on the hill,
And pippins from the neighbouring brake,
Shall hospitable baskets fill.

Elsewhere may boisterous passions sway,
But love and ease with us reside;
Nor yet for us will winter stay—
Then joy, nor cast his gifts aside.

THE FOLLY OF EXULTING ON FOREIGN WAR.

Scenes of sweet peace! our native plains!
Ye wild paths of our airy hills!
Ye gates of heaven, our father's fanes,
Which yet devotion's fervour fills!
Mid ye should angry passions swell?
To tranquil joys the heart rebel?
Exulting when the wrath of war,
Hurls its volcanic torrents dreadfully afar!

To us, indifferent whether reign
An impious Gaul, or zealous Russ;

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A silken or an iron chain,
Alike to honour is a curse;
Our wishes cannot change decrees
Of heaven's high Sov'reign; if he please
States and old empires are o'erthrown;
'Tis his commission'd worm that saps the monarch's throne.

The steed in verdant pastures bred,
Starts at the martial-rallying choir,
Wild floats the forelock o'er his head,
His nostrils smoke, his eyes are fire,
Till custom, round the ensanguined plain,
Guides him with her imperial rein;
Then all-impatient for the field,
He scorns the embattled host, and spurns the glitt'ring shield.

Thus hearts that throbb'd at fiction's tale,
With battle's shout familiar grow;
Mothers, whom distant war made pale,
From glory's carnage learn to glow—
From them what daughters shall be led
To vex the ambitious marriage bed?
Nor joy, nor love, nor soft desires,
Nor heavenly sympathy, one tender wish inspires!

A single death, in times of yore,
Was subject for a nation's tears;
Whole nations, welt'ring in their gore,
Will scarcely satiate modern ears;
Thus when the avenging angel hied,
And the first-born of Egypt died,
Scourges of blood the fountains dry
Of every tender thought—of sweet humanity!

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Behold Helvetia's favoured plain,*
Ere by the storm of war o'erswept;
There gaily waved the yellow grain,
The cradled child securely slept;
The shepherd's pipe was heard at noon,
To rustic revels light the moon,

* Stanza vi. "*Helvetia's favoured plain.*" The commencement of the French revolution was hailed by the friends of rational liberty in every country. The brilliant successes of the French, even after they became the invaders, and prostrated the liberty of other nations, seemed to infatuate a very considerable portion of the remote and peaceable people of the United States; and the report of foreign victories caused as great exultation as if they had been achieved by their own arms, and for the safety of their own Independence. The pomp and pageantry of war, take a strong and lasting hold on the imagination, and excite the passions, without any better motive than the pleasure of such excitement; while actual fighting and personal danger, even in a national cause, require the artificial stimulus of fear, or of reward. Hence the terror of a small military force keeps in check the vast physical force of a people, whose united weight would crush the greatest efforts of any military usurper. Had Switzerland been united, so as to apply her national strength, in the same manner as did the single Canton of Shwitz, under Aloys Reding, the whole force of France would probably have been baffled.

In the midst of the chain of mountains which border the cantons of Zug and Schwitz, is a pleasant and fertile plain, which, like a verdant carpet, admirably contrasts with the nakedness of the rocks on which it is as it were suspended; this is the plain of Morgarten, the memorable theatre of Swiss valour. Here on the 15th of November, 1315, Rodolph Reding obtained a complete victory over a much more numerous army of Austrians; and now, on the 2d of May, 1798, on the same plain, Aloys Reding, at the head of the small forces of Schwitz, defeated the whole army of French invaders. The solemn engagement of the descendants of William Tell to die rather than retreat—this treaty between the chief and his countrymen, sworn in the open air, and in the face of heaven—bears, says the historian, the stamp of patriarchal manners worthy of the golden age. Indeed it must have been a sublime spectacle.—*Zschokke's History of the invasion of Switzerland by France.*

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The wife's quick shuttle plied the woof,
While bending age made welcome every humble roof.

Waked by the kine that at the door,
With out-stretch'd neck impatient lowed,
Their swelling udders to out-pour,
And join the neighb'ring pasture crowd,
The youth to active labour sprung,
And jocund, up the mountain sung,
Beneath whose summit, crowned with snows,
Fair love, unspotted faith, and confidence repose.

Now see, the ox, with loosened yoke,
Wanders deserted hills around;
Behold the cottage ruins smoke!
Behold the indignant peasant bound!
While tottering age, affrighted maids,
Fear the loud sigh, midst cavern'd shades,
And mothers, dumb at terror's cry,
Throw to the iron hoof their infant progeny!

What though on Alps, huge Alps arise,
And snows eternal fence the coast?
To scale the heavens ambition hies,
And havoc urges on the host;
Pale famine on their steps attend,
Ruin, the desolating fiend,
Starts from the blood-soak'd sod the horse,
And screams the affrighted raven o'er the mangled corse!

While victory high her standard waves,
How writhes below the wounded plain!
Along the hills what torture raves,
From thousands envious of the slain!
O'er them the careless victor rides,
Stamping his steed's feet in their sides,
While sullen moves the groaning team,
Plunging their writhing bodies in the bloody stream!

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Perversely then shall we exult
When glory's shout is borne on air?
What is of war the true result,
But silent misery and despair?
Our ardent passions take the rein,
Unless secured by reason's chain—
Pure virtue ne'er exulting flies
From calm humanity and peace, to boisterous skies.

TO THE TWO GARDENERS AT ********.

Late as I gazed upon those rosy cheeks,
Those amber locks in graceful curls that fall;
And saw of love the thousand little freaks,
That came and went, at fancy's busy call—

And watched the thoughts that in succession play'd
As poured the poet's warm, expressive line;
And mark'd, by grave philosophy betray'd,
How the soul, raptured, drank the strains divine,

I little dreamed how nature's glowing spring,
Should with a magic touch transform and change,
And thousand gay temptations round you fling,
And bid you arbours green and gardens range.

To sacred oaks, to deep embowering shade,
Where seem the spirits of the wood to walk,
Where reverent silence and brown thought pervade,
And the soul listens for celestial talk—

No wonder contemplation oft retires,
To hold sweet converse with her breathing heart,
To feel the glow which Deity inspires,
From the world's noise, and busy scenes apart;

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But that the field should tempt, the hill allure,
The open space amid the glare of day,
And toil, that pleasure seldom will endure,
Should fascinate the young, the coy, the gay!

The inspiring page of poetry forget,
The sage's lesson carelessly postpone,
The enchanting tale, and elegance of wit,
And feed their intellect on earth alone!

Nor little heed the coarse imbrowning sun,
Who never dallies with the vermil tint;
Nor strive the dews of dripping woods to shun,
Nor rocks remorseless tender arms to print.

Nor knew I those so delicately wrought,
As though for bowers of gentle knights designed,
Plundered the grove of many a bounding thought,
And stole from earth the vigorous shoots of mind.

I might have known—perhaps I might have known,
They drew their gold from nature's purest mine;
Gold, which the exchequer and the banks disown,
For these uncurrent, and for that too fine!

But when I found them pillaging the spring,
And saw of treasures, what a heap in store,
And found the impression of each rarer thing
Had lent an image never used before—

I on the days of former times looked back,
Unspoiled by art, when honest nature throve,
And, turning from the old and beaten track,
Genius explored unchecked the wild or grove.

Who could foretell, in these statistic days,
Our pilgrim mothers, in their virtue's prime,
Should come, adorned by fancy's magic rays,
To blend the elder with the newer time!

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For they, our mothers—a superior race,
Their strength of mind from observation drew;
From health had beauty, and from action grace,
And left attractive portraits for our view.

Their sons, instructed at the household school,
Felt truths sink deeply which experience taught;
Their age was fashioned by the living rule,
And polished converse won exchange of thought.

The seed thus planted while the soil was fresh,
The fruits thus winnowed while the crop was ripe,
Short was the toil the useless chaff to thresh;
The wheat remained, the lasting staff of life.

Hail to the coming age! that yet may see
A manly race their fathers stern succeed;
Less rude, yet firm, and warm in liberty,
Though polished more, as prodigal to bleed!

When woman o'er the lot of life shall cast
The robe of fancy, by the graces spun,
And with the sterner woollen of the past,
Unite the tasteful ermine of the sun!

Man, led by her, to dignity shall add
The untainted sweetness of celestial grace;
And she, by him in reason's mantle clad,
Retrieve the native honors of the race!

Hence, my sweet, dainty cousins, while you ply
The spade and hoe, and plant the exotic seed,
Or on espaliers wanton branches tie,
Of fragrant eglantines, and upward lead—

Or from the parent stock, the swollen bud
Transfer to civilize the savage kind;
Or bid the grape of Tuscan-balmy blood,
Usurp the wild and native cruder rind—

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I would not call you home, and bid you drink
Of wisdom's streams, at wisdom's fountain head,
Where all is said that man can ever think,
In the rich volumes of the illustrious dead!

For from the wells of nature they, like you,
When but perhaps on idle pleasure bound,
Those buoyant draughts of inspiration drew,
Full of a short delight, forgot where found!

When winter interdicts the gardener's care,
When trees are leafless, and when woodlands sleep,
Then home the summer images repair,
Various and vigorous, and condensed, and deep.

They come with hues imagination steals
From gay delights, that decorate and charm,
When wild with bliss the bosom only feels,
The extatic scene, and drinks celestial balm!

The summer flowers their sweetest fragrance bring,
And in their beauty never cease to blow;
Around the winter, living verdure fling,
And give the ancient sepulchre a glow!

Soon as the Summer's gentle flowering close,
Unsought, sweet pictures on the mind are prest;
Harmonious wood-notes the full soul compose,
And winter warms by memory's fingers drest.

The living thus associate with the dead,
Tread the same paths their ancestors have trod;
In the same mode who nature's pages read,
With the same feelings travel up to God.

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TO PEACE.

Written in 1815.

Hail, lovely Peace! clad in a flowing vest,
Woven by the graces, and inviting love;
Or robed succinct, with iron-clasped breast,
And brow severe, all idle thoughts above!

Thy steps the charities of life attend,
Honor and truth, decorum, faith sincere;
Then smiles beneficence, the heart's best friend,
With glowing ray preventing sorrow's tear.

But war, though distant shake his bloody spear,
Rouses the fiery passions all to strife;
Impious temerity attends on fear,
Doubling the dark uncertainties of life.

Then avarice sweeps infuriate through the land,
Her car of diamonds, and her steeds of steel,
She scatters madness o'er the gazing strand,
And drags the world a victim at her wheel.

Or comes the zealot's unrelenting scourge,
In wrath-consuming warfare, blind with rage,
Rolling with fiery superstition's surge,
To quench the twilight of a reasoning age!

Then, too, sweet Poesy, thy notes subside,
Chilled is each feeling heart and syren ear;
Low sink thy volumes in oblivion's tide;
Thy Lyre is dash'd in folly's mad career.

Thyself indignant at the wanton crew,
Seek'st where celestial virtue has retired;
Where midst the sacred and sequestered few,
She listens to the song herself inspired.

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When Peace returned with blessings in her train,
(As the young bud that eyed returning spring,
Felt the green current rush along its vein,
To wake its blossoms o'er the year to fling,)—

I saw thee issue with exalted hope,
Of genial sunshine, and perennial gales;
When lo! the caverns of the tempest ope,
And blast the infant promise of the vales.

Vain dost thou hope a better day to find—
Shall better days again on earth succeed?
Will cease corruption's empire o'er mankind,
"While glares a meteor, or while shakes a reed?"

Will the strong arm that holds the sword forbear?
Will the despotic sophist cease to plan?
Save for his casket what will avarice dare?
Will patriot virtue snatch from sloth the man?

Yet hence the muse to mortal man was sent,
To blaze in all the terror of her power,
The iron front of impious vice to rent;
To shake the battlements of folly's tower.

For this from heaven her high commission came,
Not on the unruffled pool of life to keep,
But the rude tempest of the world to tame,
And glory midst the passions of the deep.

Thus the first Bards amidst a savage race,
The lawless passions of mankind suppress,
Of right and wrong the sacred limits trace,
And lop, of liberty, the rude excess.

Yet while the Bard could melt the savage heart,
The springs of love and tenderness disclose,
To social bliss allure with heavenly art,
His days were wandering, fearful his repose!

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Mysterious Heaven! thy instrument below,
Why doomed to bear vicissitude of fate?
Amid neglect with rapture high to glow,
The sport of feeling, and the butt of hate?

With tenuous thread his web of life is wove,
An insect's breathing vibrates through his frame;
The child of glory, sympathy, or love,
Consumed by Heaven's own intellectual flame!

But not to one peculiar is the lot,
The cold emblasting hand of selfish age;
By whom were Milton, Dryden, once forgot?
Sires of those sons who glory in their page.

Presumptuous thought! with Milton who aspire?
Or dare with Dryden in the immortal race?
Can the weak taper, kindled at their fire,
Glow with the planets, through the realms of space?

With touch divine, they gave the impassioned wire,
To thrill with pleasure, or to burn with pain;
To lift the good to heaven's angelic choir,
And sink the bad to guilt's remorseless reign!

Sublimely soaring o'er the idle throng,
Bold as the eagle in unconquered prime,
With strength, with splendour, rolls their car along,
Majestic through the eternal orb of time!

And who may now with Milton dare unfold
The burning gates of everlasting day?
Through hell's tremendous, sullen portals hold,
With unpresumptuous feet, his daring way?

Lives there a man who can with Shakspeare bare,
The secret labyrinths of consummate art?
With Heaven—omniscient privileged to share,
And reign despotic o'er the human heart?

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Yet he can walk by Scotia's milky way,
By Albion's planets—how serenely bright!
Where Rome's majestic moon imparts her ray,
Or bursts from Greece the majesty of light.

Still may he stoop o'er each poetic fount,
Where drank the bards of inspiration's stream;
On buoyant wings with them extatic mount,
And feel the effulgence of the etherial beam.

Then cease to plain, for while such planets shine,
A million stars must crowd the milky way,
Ere rays of scattered, feeble light combine,
And pour a lustre o'er the rising day.

What if to regions whence their fathers sprung,
The sons of genius hasten to return?
The breast maternal nurtures still the young,
Where sacred rests the great forefather's urn.

What if our West a sweet reception find?
O'er Copeley's tints immortal praise be shed?
And Trumbull's brow the wreaths of glory bind?
And Roman splendour dawn on Alston's head?

While clothed with woods our rugged hills appear,
Our downs, unwhitened by the shepherd's fleece,
Sweet music breathes not on the leisured ear,
Nor charm the sense the polished forms of Greece.

When idle luxury sates the public mind,
And fouls and clogs the wonted springs of health,
The polished arts refection rich shall find,
And thrive and batten on the waste of wealth.

Just on the verge of either world they stand,
In doubt to quit—or anxious to explore,
If hovering tempests sink the ancient strand,
Or fearful darkness clouds the promised shore.

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So stood the Jews on Arab's sandy plain,
  Reverting oft to Egypt's settled state;
They saw far off the splendid David's reign,
  Themselves denied to turn the happy gate.

Then 'tis for you, amid the pilgrim train,
  The fiery cloud of daring truth to lift,
The front of battle with high hopes sustain,
  And strike salvation's waters from the clift.

Again sweet Peace her snowy vesture spreads,
  With notes of joy the rugged mountains ring,
Through peopled seas, through scattered woodland sheds
  From happy hearts, the gales of pleasure spring.

THE THIRD OF JULY, AT BOSTON.

To-MORROW shall the bells ring round,
  And the gay people pour along;
Lasses and lads with garlands crowned,
  Press the green sward, and chant the song.

The long procession's guarded line,
  With solemn pomp to music march,
And at the truncheoned marshal's sign,
  The roaring cannon shake the arch.

Advancing to the sacred fane,
  The fathers, gravely-slow, ascend,
While the full choir, in mellow strain,
  Their symphonies seraphic lend.

And now, to truth's depicturing eye,
  Contrasted scenes historic rise,
A speck beneath this western sky
  Expands—a world of mighty size.

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Wrapt in the thought—prophetic—deep,
The powerful speaker glows, inspired,
And hearts that prosperous pleasures sleep,
Spring, by his lightning touches fired!

Then, spreading o'er the beauteous lawn,
And scattered into frolic group,
Till the bright star of evening dawn,
Matrons and maids in revels troop—

Beneath yon ancient elm, whose shade*
Pavilioned once the native deer;
Where mothers, for their sons afraid,
Listened, the Indian howl to hear.

While yet the common pulse beats high,
And hearts enthusiastic bound,
Illumined is the nether sky,
And distant hills the shout resound—

To honor that auspicious day,
That first to sacred freedom led,
And over empire's broad highway,
A nation's glorious banner spread.

Not with less joy our bosoms flush,
Less patriotic not our flame,
Though from the busy crowd we rush,
Unemulous of city fame.

Then, love, to Brighton's cool retreat,
Let us with pleasing thoughts repair;
The fragrant grass to us how sweet!
How spirit-full the mountain air!

*The Fourth of July, the anniversary of the declaration of Independence, is celebrated throughout the United States. Of their many holydays, none is more splendidly celebrated in Boston; and no other is so distinctly characterized by national and patriotic feelings.

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Beneath the chestnut shade to walk,
Along the ripling brook to skim,
In aromatic groves to talk,
With antic sport, and song, and whim!

Now climbing Spitzdale's rugged side,
Stop as the prospect wider grows—
Eastward, what navies stem the tide!
Northward, what mountains glittering snows!

Now from Nonantum's summit scoop,
The Apostle Eliot's rural fane,
Imagining the wild war-hoop,
That echoed midst these hills profane!

Then see the feathered chieftains bend,
Dismissed each wish severe and rude,
And listening to their heavenly friend,
With pious eloquence subdued!

And when the smiling moon sends down,
Her beams on Parson's wooded grove,
Inquire, if give the busy town,
Such scenes for thought—such charms for love!

'Tis then we feel—so rarely felt—
The spirit that great poets fired,
At nature's glowing throne who knelt,
And painted what the scene inspired!

'Tis then we honor more the day,
When with the poignard at the breast,
The fathers fearlessly display,
The nation's standard in the west.

'Tis then we gratitude repay,
To spirits of the noblest kind,
And solemnize the glorious day,
That freedom gave to men and mind!

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E****'s sober brows relent,
From the sublime in which she dwells,
And to our very heart's content,
Her happiest, pearly wit unshells.

And the quick sensitive and gay
Young H******, fearful as a doe,
Enchants us with a roundelay,
Yet leaves us wishing more to know.

The Doctor, from his study broke,
Sudden, as lightning bursts the sky,
Starts us with some spontaneous joke,
Good humoured satire in his eye!

While the good wife, in busy breeze,
Bids at her banquet all be gay—
O who'd exchange such joys as these,
For the best city holyday!

TO A LADY, BOUND TO CANADA.

Deep is the snow, the mountain high,
And bleak the wintry wind that sweeps;
The eagle seeks a warmer sky,
The bear, in his pavilion sleeps.

The fragrant breathings of the rose,
Condensed within their cells retreat;
In vain their icy pearls disclose,
The spoils of summer's genial heat.

On every bush a gem is hung,
Of honey-dew a frozen tear;
And every hawthorn bud is strung,
Like drops upon a crystal sphere.

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The forest cones, that waving high,
And catch the moon's reflected light,
As she goes travelling through the sky,
The sober regent of the night—

Now glittering from their mirrors throw
Bright gleams on valley, plain, and hill,
Scant, as sepulchral flambeaux show,
Where nature's energies are still.

The stars through all the expanse that wing,
With solemn pomp the sky along,
Through ether's fine transparence fling,
Incessant sparks, and splendours strong.

Yet you will quit your sacred fire,
The shelter of your parent rock,
The social board, the happy choir,
And brave the northern winter's shock!

Scarce colder realms has Parry seen,
The brave, the gentle, and the bold,
Where ocean-caves alone were green;
Life's animating breathings cold—

When in the lengthened night profound,
He sought in vain for genial rest,
But woke, and wond'ring felt around,
A crystal canopy invest!

One glassy plain now stretches wide,
Where late M'Donough's navy wore;
Where is the deep, translucent tide?
The lake, the island, or the shore?

Wood, earth, and water, now alike
Are desolate, and buried deep;
Each tree a hedge of bristled pike,
That through the snowy hillocks peep.

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The cataract of La Chine yet roars,
As for his prey the angry bear;
And while a pathway man explores,
Fears lest he burst his rocky lair!

A thousand shaggy furs in vain,
Mantle the hardy hunter's form;
The very air is charged with pain,
And horrors thicken in the storm!

But you will all these terrors scorn,
Leave all the sweet delights of home,
And fancy, like a summer's morn,
All seasons yet invite to roam.

But think what deep and dreadful scars
The hard Canadian winters leave,
Where cheeks, as bright as morning stars,
His daily ice-formed wedges cleave?

Pile high the wood, you fail to raise,
A short, a quivering hectic glow;
Nay, let the arctic forest blaze,
The genial heart-blood scarce can flow.

By day the heated stove beside,
The pallid cheek its tarnish shows;
Abroad, though under furs you ride,
How burns with frost that Grecian nose!

Some hard experienced savage meets,
Your frozen face, nor stops to ask,
Why thus presumptuous in the streets,
Applies in haste a snowy mask.

Two seasons only, here are felt—
Of cold intense, and fervour deep,
Seasons, that petrify or melt,
Alternate from the skies that leap.

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The buds, instinct with life, awake,
To feel no spring approaching slow;
Touch'd by the south, they laughing break,
And all the vintage is in blow!

No herald forth the winters send,
But burst impetuous on the land;
Trees, rocks, and mounts, as willows rend;
Arrested armies, marbled, stand.

But go—from torpor when the spring
Restores you, if there be no change,
You'll soar on fancy's glittering wing,
Prepared the world again to range

And hardened by that iron clime,
Old age's sudden chills you'll bear,
Nor dread vicissitudes of time,
And things which timid mortals scare.

For neither hail, nor snow, nor rain,
Can chill that native heart of thine,
The holy fire thou wilt maintain,
And beam on all the heat divine.

And thou canst miracles perform,
Such thy benevolence of breath,
Thou from the cottage shed'st the storm,
And cheer'st the lingering hope of death.

Even superstition's serpent brow,
That glides upon the wings of night,
And darkens, yet we know not how,
The visioned thought in reason's spite—

She whose invisible career,
Steals on the mighty and the wise,
And whom the soul, unknown to fear,
Rejects—yet trembles with surmise.

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Thou wilt with reason's power disclaim,
Thou wilt with fancy turn to jest,
The juggling Indian prophet shame,
And give the harassed spirits rest!

TO A LADY WHO FLED FROM PORTUGAL,

When it was invaded by the French under Junot.

O LADY of the melancholy cast!
Forget thy sorrows past,
For on no foreign shore,
Hast thou to deplore,
Of war's fierce evils more.

Here is a home, and not a castled state,
No double-ironed gate—
And though no slaves obey,
Pleasant shall be thy way,
All hearts shall honours pay.

Thy beauteous Lusitania is not here,
No groves of limes appear,
Nor does the rosy morn,
With fragrance sprinkling thorn,
And crystal gems adorn,

Such meads and hills as those whose sloping bank,
Of Tagus' stream has drank;
Nor from the sweet guitar,
Come floating from afar,
Beneath the evening star,

Those melting melancholy sounds that fall,
As passionate they call,
In sympathy to join,
In unison with thine,
Sweet pensive notes, divine.

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Melodious, as though art had kindly stole,
From nature's breathing soul,
His ruder line to grace,
Imperfect, yet to trace,
The passion of the place—

Excess of beauty, weighs upon the soul,
With sad, and soft control,
Melting the feeling heart,
Destined fore'er to part,
And soft'ning love's wild dart—

But, lady, though for us there are not strown,
Luxuries thou hast known,
Nor thy delicious clime,
Filled with the scented lime,
Greens of eternal prime—

Lulling to soft repose, and sweet delight;
The year one summer night,
The air we breathe has less
Of melancholy stress,
And more of happiness!

No languid spirits, ever deadly pale,
O'er hearts robust prevail;
Action and pleasure blend
To one benignant end;
Then, lady, be our friend!

In youth, our country has no time to waste,
Eager life's good to taste,
A spirit stirring air,
Reanimates all care,
And makes the rugged fair.

And here, regretless, shall thy sweet guitar,
Wake to the evening star,

Digitized by Google

That on thy Tagus shone,
When wandering there alone,
Thou drank'st its saddened tone,

When at the Virgin's trembling shrine,
Thou raisedst the hymn divine;
When from the marble cell,
Devout responses swell
The sad and last farewell—

When for a melancholy last caress,
The sisters round thee press—
A weeping, holy band;
Leaving thy native land,
They blessed the foreign strand,

That from the violence of men of blood,
Crossing the mighty flood,
That smoothed his angry wave,
And to the good and brave,
A sweet asylum gave.

And here, unscared, harmonious at thy side,
Shall sweet content abide;
And all thy griefs to sooth,
With the fresh love of youth,
The energy of truth.

There shall not be one pause of sacred bliss,
Thy heart, not Tagus miss—
There, oft has pleasure cloyed,
Here, thou shalt know no void,
And life shall be enjoyed,

Free from that pensive and persuading strain,
Of melancholy pain,
Delicious while yet sad;
Here, others shall be had,
To make life's journey glad.

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O! come then, lady, to my rustic bower—
This is the pensive hour,
When sated with the sweet,
That breath'd in thy retreat,
The chords could scarce repeat,

The softened cadence of those notes of fire,
From one despairing lyre,
On Tagus' stream that rose,
And told of mighty woes,
Of death, and trampling foes!

Come, while I, listening to thy sweetest tone,
Blend my feelings with thy own,
Till, exhausted is the theme,
Present happiness shall seem,
To melt the gone-by as a dream!

TO WILLIAM ********.

William! so smoothly glide affairs,
Unruffled by vexatious cares,
That much I fear, yet dread to say,
Of heaven, you'll miss the destined way!

Had fate bestowed a vixen wife,
A home of animated strife,
At once to agitate and warm,
To harden, to resist the storm—
Or one extravagantly prone
To cater for herself alone;
Absorbed in fashion's giddy whirl,
And though a mother, still a girl;
Hostile to every settled scheme,
On which your fancy loved to dream;

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One to condemn your taste and books,
And cloud the day with sullen looks;
And if a social friend appear,
Dampen the banquet's sober cheer—

Or had you children to despise
The experience which proclaims you wise,
Who with contemptuous slight should treat
Your judgment as the fond conceit
Of age, of weakness, folly, whim,
And, confident, alone would swim,
Till fortune, with a sidelong sweep,
Upset and plunge them in the deep,
Whence, if they rise on broken oar,
Too late they folly's course deplore,
Exchanged their patrimonial land
For barren rocks, a desert strand!

Or had you poverty to bear,
With clothing thin, and nurture spare,
Compelled through hedge and ditch to pick
Your winter-fuel, stick by stick,
With gout, and cramp, and racking pains,
Unsheltered from the snows and rains—
To hear no daughter's heavenly tread
Glide lightly round your weary bed,
And with affection's balmy cup,
The cooling beverage give to sup;
Then, with a beaming eye of love,
Commend you to the power above,
Radiant with hopes celestial light,
Kiss the wan cheek, and *bid good night;*
Then, then, you might expect to wean
Your heart from pleasure's golden scene;
By adverse circumstances brought
To just and philosophic thought,

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And thus, through trials harsh, be fitted
To be to heaven's blest seat admitted.

But Satan, now, to catch his prey,
Strews golden apples in your way;
And adds to every female grace,
A fair, companionable race
Of boys, whose virtues spread full-blown,
Before the parents' wish is known;
And girls, their mothers counterpart,
In sense, in beauty, and in heart;—
Crowned with the bloom of roseate bowers,
Midst vocal groves, and golden flowers,
He bids you every wish pursue,
With pleasure's bowls of honey-dew;
Repeating, till with joy you bless
These draughts of heavenly happiness—
This earthly heaven, which loth to quit,
May keep you from the true, unfit!

TO MRS. CANDOUR.

Of men malicious, women frail,
Repeat no more that odious tale;
With all their zeal for virtue's cause,
And armed with power's despotic laws,
If break the bonds of child or wife,
If spread the flames of angry strife,
How empty is the word "reform!"
The careless breeze becomes a storm.

If laws could every crime restrain,
Soon must return old Saturn's reign;
A golden age its joys resume;
A new Arcadia round us bloom!

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But while mankind remain the same,
And bold opinion sinks the shame,
No laws or human or divine
Can curb the wanton and malign.

You deem our age to scandal prone,
But from the sum deduct your own;
For when an odious tale was bred,
You heard, and by repeating, spread,
Till round the little world it flew,
On plumage first supplied by you;
You gave it wings, another lent
Its speed, and on the vagrant went.

What though the wise and good forget
The scandal captived by the wit?
Yet when the feathered shaft is sped,
Repent, too late, the blood it shed?
Murder admits of no defence,
And wit requires the truth of sense.

The idle, dissolute, and base,
The tale of scandal love to trace;
No entomologist can pry
For insects with so sharp an eye;
They grope amidst the mud and mire,
And now to greater heights aspire;
The loftier, yet the surer aim,
High quarry, and the richer game!
Is beauty proud? Is merit frail?
Does love its shipwrecked hopes bewail?
Does Charity her bounty hide?
From vice does virtue turn aside?
Envy's malignant breath, at noon
Puffs, and lets off her gas balloon;
Thus, from an idle, base surmise,
The tale of scandal upward flies,
Grateful to vulgar ears and eyes!

Digitized by Google

Would to themselves that men might first
Account for every thought unjust!
That sacred court, which baffles art,
Would stop the torture of the heart.

And what is not the world's concern,
Why should the world from others learn?
A voluntary herald, why
Thou circulate the puny LIE?
Why trumpet in the public ear
A TRUTH that friends disdain to hear?

Away these petty passions fling!
Admitted room they closer cling,
And like a serpent wind about
And suck from hearts the honey out.

A generous and a noble mind,
Will cherish passions great and kind;
To base surmises ever dumb,
Think only on the good to come.

THE EMIGRANT RETURNED.

THOUGH to thy country late thou dost return,
Crippled in limb, and withered at thy heart;
Though in thy hall no lamps imperial burn,
Nor faithful watch-dog recognizing start;

What though thy garden's overrun with fern?
The rusted harrow, bright will grow by use;
What though thy flowerets mourn their broken urn?
The circling wheel will other forms produce;

Digitized by Google

Cementing love, the fragments may collect,
And make mosaic what was plain before;
The severed parts, each other thus reflect,
The jet, the azure, and the golden ore.

Still there are bosoms by the world unsoared,
Still there are women—'tis enough for thee—
Was ever known, where woman's foot appeared,
Absent the tread of soft humanity?

In the first season of thy blooming youth,
With sport and frolic didst thou ever join,
Where from the lip spontaneous burst the truth,
And thine was theirs, and every heart was thine?

When came the age of passion, was there not
One with congenial feelings still supreme,
Whom thou didst think should never be forgot,
Who filled thy every thought, thy constant dream?

When in the bustle of the world thou pressed,
Elbowing thy passage through a sordid crowd,
Did friendship's touch not vibrate to thy breast,
And were not all thy kindest thoughts allowed?

When came reflecting age, and thou retraced
The chart of life—how many spots were seen
That sorrow nor misfortune had erased?
Spots of delightful verdure—ever green!

What if those imps of early days are gone?
Gone all those gentle hearts that felt thy song?
What if no busy client wake the dawn,
And school-boy sages cease around to throng?

Yet human nature ever is the same,
And human feelings never cease to play;
Still hearts of kindness feel the social flame,
And living love admires the setting ray.

Digitized by Google

Be but benignant—gratitude inspires;
Subsided passions, confidence secure;
The soul grows warmer as it quits desires;
Manhood returns as infancy as pure.

Heaven opens not the sky to speak thy peace,
His messenger is woman, sent to thee;
The age of miracles is known to cease,
But Providence's delegate is she!

And she will sooth thee in thy lone retreat,
She'll smooth the pillow of thy last decline;
With youthful friendship, though thou never meet,
Thy chilling heart shall feel a warmth divine.

O, O! 'tis idle of the world to think,
That all is lost, in our peculiar joy;
Early the anchor of our bark may sink,
But on the surface floats the hopeful buoy!

THE RIVER OF THE WOODS.

Unnoticed, unhallowed, how flows on, unsung,
This wild stream as pure as the fount whence it sprung!
No bard on its margin enraptured has stood,
Awe-struck by the mountain, the silence, the wood;
Nor in the clear water delighted has seen
The old mountain forest a moving deep-green—
Else feeling what grandeur and beauty inspire,
What notes, most enchanting, had swept from his lyre!

No shield in this limpid stream ever was laved;
Its bed, not the bones of a chieftain have paved,
Not over this region the slow solemn bell,
E'er called on the cavern to echo its knell;

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But first when the waters danced out from the shades,
They saw the bright plough-share and heard the blithe
maids;
And gales from the mountain tops brushed through the
mead,
With health to the ploughman and strength to the steed.
With joy saw the pilgrim who traversed the deep,
Old forests to succour, and meadows to reap;
And who from the rubbish of nations had fled,
The lap of pure nature to cradle his head.

O! long lovely stream, undisturbed, undismayed,
Mayest thou flow with no castle to ravish thy shade!
No sound of the warrior, no nod of the crest,
Be heard on thy margin, be seen on thy breast!
No smoke of the censer thy bank overspread,
Nor law and contention plant wears in thy bed!

Content be the peasant to lave in thy stream,
Nor ever of India or Europe to dream;
Incurious the maid that is born on thy bank,
To taste of old cities the fashion and rank;
And let the child think, where he sees the hill slope,
Of duty and pleasure the limit and scope!

Thus shalt thou flow harmlessly on and secure,
One region where nature reigns artless and pure;
Again, where a Bard, if admittance he find,
May meet the true shepherd conceived in his mind,
And leaving to fiction her fanciful theme,
Know on earth one Arcadia that is not a dream!

Digitized by Google

RESCUE OF A CITIZEN FROM DROWNING,

In the winter of 1817, by an Officer of the Navy, at the imminent hazard of his own life.

Brave is the man who fights the foe!
His country round his head shall twine
A richer wreath than Ind can show,
Though gemm'd with proud Golconda's mine!

But if no voice of duty call,
Nor fame's inspiring trump sound high,
O! 'tis a good not given to all,
For man, for fellow-man, to die!

Sweet the reflection—O how sweet!
S*****, through life's declining path,
Those grateful sympathies to meet,
That hallow the domestic hearth!

Though of thy sterner wars they hear,
And thrill when dangerous battles rage—
Here pity sheds a sweeter tear,
Here warmer beats the pulse of age.

And hadst thou failed, and hadst thy life
Closed without pomp the silent grave,
Not then inglorious were the strife—
'Twas a redeeming act to save.

And in thy bold attempts, high Heaven,
When all exalted was thy heart,
Beheld thy mortal sins forgiven,
And marked thy seat of bliss apart!

Digitized by Google

TO A YOUNG SATIRIST.

DAVID! whoever bends the bow
Of party, wakes a mortal foe;
The cause is common—touch the skin,
The savage spirit moves within.

The feathered dart, that idly plays,
Dishonors, though but slight its graze;
Of aim or speed the shaft may lack,
Yet springs the game, and fires the pack.

Sweet is thy style, and like thy mind,
With polished elegance refined;
An ear for harmony attuned,
Expression curious, rich and pruned,
An easy wit, an humour light—
What want we more to wake delight?

Deigned Junius, with enamelled style,
To raise a tranquil, leisured smile?
No trifler he—his private zeal
Linked to his cause the public weal;
His sword once drawn, a public pledge
From zeal vindictive took its edge;
For public good his victims fall,
Poisoned their wounds, by selfish gall;
His lightning where it struck, it furroughed,
Explored, and secret hearts unburrowed.
The panting entrails open lay,
And quivered to the light of day.

Indignant passions ne'er inspire
A slight, affected, flaxen fire;

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The storm of words can never rise,
Save in the heart the tempest lies.

Then, David, satire's style forbear,
And be the polished arts thy care.

JEALOUSY.

Cold looks, restraint, and feelings tame,
I met, as slowly home we went;
Then to my pillow visions came,
Of days of sober discontent;
All human bliss to be at stake,
From warm affection's sad mistake!

Because on Chelsea's pebbly beach,
On which successive surges beat,
I stooped a silvery shell to reach,
That glittered at Amanda's feet,
My jealous mistress cast a look
That all my burning bosom shook!

In this excess of love, I feel
Myself a very slave enchained;
Now whirled on pasion's fiery wheel,
And now by tenderness restrained;
Nor is she less in trembling fear,
Lest some should seem to me as dear!

Two hearts so sensitive, I see,
Must in collision often strike;
Too ardent lovers scarce agree
To act, to see, to feel alike;
Therefore, 'twere better soon to part,
Than thus to thwart each other's heart!

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FAST DAY.

BEGONE! we taste no flesh to-day,
It is our fast for sin;
We've many crimes to wash away—
Scars without, and stainswithin.

Could bulls of Bashan expiate,
Whole hecatombs should bleed;
But sacrifices are too late—
Mocking lips too foul to plead.

Have not our bloody hands employed,
The rack, the whip, the knife?
How much of happiness destroyed?
Afric mourns her bartered life.

Light of the forest, have we quenched?
Silenced the woodland voice?
An orb from God's creation wrenched?
Deeds of darkness! Hell rejoice!

Have we not gloried in the mad
Career of warrior hounds?
Fruitless of tears upon the sad
Child and widow's bleeding wounds?

Pure have we kept the seat of power?
Has virtue held her place?
Or were the bad allowed to tower,
Whose corruption should disgrace?

Men, who at crimes peculiar shrink,
The people's will prefer;
Possessed of power, how prone to think
Private interests never err!

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A noble deer, mixed with the sheep,
Must tread the beaten track;
A mark—if diffident to leap—
Hark! the cry is up—the pack!

Nations, who not prevent the crime—
The crime participate;
The accumulated drops in time,
Burst, a deluge on the state!

And for a nation's crime must all
The vengeful sentence bear;
Suspended judgment yet must fall—
Curses will o'ertake the heir.

Who from our dungeon wall can blot
The trace of tear and groan?
Has memory every sigh forgot?
Mankind change, and changed is stone—

God has no memory—naught impedes
The vision of his eye;
No present, future, past, succeeds—
Ubiquious in immensity!

The written register erase;
Be monuments in dust;
What was, the eye of God shall trace—
Summoned crimes shall stalk accurst!

The debt by raving hunger made,
Excess refused to spare;
The guiltiness of every trade,
Daggers forms in viewless air.

Who has not from his neighbour's hands
Wrenched some possession dear?
Envied his honor, name, or lands?
Passed the blot his word might clear?

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How many, in their wealth secure,
Have kept the wages back?
How many orphans, helpless, poor,
Nurture, hence, and morals lack?

Have we not sped the poisoned dart,
Or urged it in its flight?
Heedless how innocent the heart
Where its venomed barb must light?

Where concord spread her wing serene,
Joy sparkled in the bowl,
Have we not showered the frost of spleen?
Chilled benevolence of soul?

Have we not practised to disguise
Our follies, vices, crimes,
And named prevarication, lies,
Taste refined of polished times?

Is it enough that plans are laid,
That sumptuous buildings rise?
Heaven looks on show and vain parade,
As tombs of rest for charities!

Our ostentations, O how rank
Such sacrifices rise!
Beneficence, in jewels prank,
Glare—but can they cheat the skies!

A taper to the sun's bright rays!
A drop to seas below!
How powerfully increased the blaze!
Oceans, how they overflow!

Merciful God! O with thy thunder,
Check our impious career!
What can man from folly sunder?
Fear, alone, immortal fear!

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In dust and ashes let us shroud,
In humble sorrow pray;
Lest God, from out the angry cloud,
Vengeful fire no more delay!

AN EPISTLE TO F. C.

Francis! at crimes that stalk by day,
At follies which the wise delay,
Let all your classic shafts take aim—
The flies that buzz are paltry game.
Fear, lest if meanness long you paint,
Green canker spots your fancy taint,
And the prevailing color, shade,
The good, the fair, the great, the staid;
'Tis from the scene the tinge we take,
From shaking nerves, the trick to shake

Or, if 'tis your delight to walk
In the low hum of table talk;
Go, catch the shadows of the age,
To show upon the future stage;
Show beauty's form in virtue's dress,
And social life in loveliness;
Folly's exuberance transmit
With unextinguishable wit.
And by the light of scenic art,
Bleachen the canker of the heart;—
Examples that shall youth inspire
To be what all the good admire!

The bards of old, as records tell,
On scenes delicious loved to dwell;
They passed the stagnant region o'er,
The idle heath, the vacant moor,

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The splendid city's vicious style,
The jealous conclave's smoky pile;
Nor tinged their thoughts, imbued their rhyme,
With gossip filth, with envy's slime;
Wide o'er the range of mind they took,
Their ample way with eager look,
And culled of fancy's choicest flowers,
Of roseate hue to form their bowers;
Where love and innocence were bred,
With mirth "at Poesy's fountain head,"
Then struck the captivating lyre,
With all a raptured prophet's fire,
And lured, by their enchanting strain,
To truth, the obdurate and vain!

Why, with superior gifts endowed,
Are bards the favourites of the crowd?
But that they seem to vulgar eyes,
To hold communion with the skies;
But that with eagle eyes they look,
Intent, on time's prophetic book;
But that exalted more, they feel
For human bliss a holier zeal;
And to the smothered coal of heart
The electric spirit can impart,
That kindles up a sacred glow
Amidst misfortune's chilly snow,
Call smiles upon the brow of care,
And check the torrent of despair!

Genius, to Heaven allied, must hate
All crime that deluges the state,
And pour contempt upon the proud
That flatter and corrupt the crowd;
And, firm in virtue's cause, disdain
To torture weakness in its chain.

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But 'tis a vice the age degrades,
To lead the muse to sacred shades,
Through every nooked recess explore,
Though weeping pity holds the door,
Each canvass record bring to day,
Though years have washed the stains away,
Each youthful folly paint to view,
And point the wanton gaze anew.

When the fine model, on the mind,
By Johnson's pencil stern designed;
When, in a manly strain of thought,
Cowper our inmost sense has caught;
When glowing Burns, in mellow strains,
Warbles wild notes of Scotia's plains;
When touching nature's finest cord,
The icy heart itself is thawed,
How do we wish unknown, unseen,
The weak, the little, or the mean!

When jurors set the culprit free,
He passes with impunity,
The mulct discharged, none claims the right,
Of old misconduct to indite;
But wit, unsparing wit, is fed
Or on the living, or the dead;
Scandal that tastes the human vein
Hyena-like cries, "blood again!"
Who this corrupted monster feast,
Was ne'er ordained the muse's priest.

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TO AVARUS.

After some common-place reflections on the certainty of death, and the mutability of riches, it is suggested in what manner the influence of wealth may be secured, and life resigned by his rich friend without regret.

Though shrivelled with untimely frost,
Of fleece, the miser dreads the cost;
Strange that a mortal man should crave
Wealth that o'erloads a joyless grave!
Can gold a daintier feast prepare
For worms that chide their tardy fare!

Death, the decisive Cæsar, bent
On conquest, never plants his tent;
Forward, with rapid march, his stride,
Who can divert, or who abide?
No parley will his ear attend,
No foes impede, no friendships bend;
Vain is the strength of brazen wall;
Can beauty charm? can power appal?
Can speed his arrowy flight outrun?
Can wisdom or can glory shun?
What heaps can bribe of glittering dust?
His heralds warned not these to trust;
And they have thousand warnings made
Of treacherous friends and proffered aid.

To spare the mansion of thy sires,
Far other ransom he requires;
Not for the schedule of thy stocks,
Or key, the vaulted bank that locks,
He asks—nor for thy hoarded deeds
Of lands through which Ohio speeds,

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Nor thy spice-laden ships that lave
Their keels in Ganges' holy wave;
He covets not thy large domains,
Of parks, and woods, and waving plains,
Whether to meet the southern sun,
Beyond the Blue-ridge mount they run;
Or o'er St. George's crystal lake,
Their bold luxuriant foliage shake;
Nor summer palaces, and groves
Of myrtle shade; nor bounding droves
Of glossy deer, whose steaming sides
Are bathed in aromatic tides;
Nor the rich pastures in whose maze,
The white flocks of Iberia graze—
Of allies such, he cries, "Beware!
Their tempting promises ensnare!"

Yet his swift envoys oft repeat,
Terms that secure a safe retreat,
That while at distance he delays,
Rightly to use, a ransom pays;
So when thy single age is run,
Descends in blessings to thy son.

Triumphant when he bursts the gate,
Beyond thy riches, grandeur, state,
Lo! shelters for the poor may stand,
Fair monuments of bounty's hand;
Gay tints, which flush the glowing cheek,
Of thy benignity will speak;
The portioned mother dance her child,
Of laughing hope, in transport wild;
Around shall play the cherub boy,
And maidens ringlets wave with joy;
A thousand happy bosoms show
Of heart-felt gratitude the glow;

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A thousand weeping matrons tell,
In melting tones, thy doing well.

Asks yet the plunderer for thy store?
Tell him to count thy friendships o'er.

Secured thus what no war can seize,
You quit the lightened load with ease;
Cheerful, to mortal fate resigned,
Joy in the wealth you leave behind.
No city-parchment thanks enrolled,
No statue of refulgent gold,
No tablet on the church's side,
Or sculptured columns marble pride,
Not all the honor's nations give,
So long can cause a name to live,
As deeds which human hearts confess
Conferred a living happiness.
Which waft, in clouds of incense sweet,
The soul to final judgment's seat,
From whence, in accents sweet, exprest,
"Hence, for thy charity be blest."

A CHILD SLEEPING.

See, as the innocent is sleeping,
Her rose-buds through the breathing pores are peeping;
So timid, yet so venturing to the sight,
As blushing at the forward light;
For yet pure intellect has not begun
T' unfold her blossom to the sun,
But all is sense, most exquisitely wrought,
To be the sweet receptacle of thought—
A frame by Deity designed,
A vehicle of pure, celestial mind—

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A form, so delicate of mould,
Enrapturing vision to unfold,
When the free soul is ripe and fit
Its inward tenement to quit,
Informing every part,
The eye, the cheek, the lip, the heart,
And give to every limb and feature,
The grace and polish of a heavenly creature,
Is, of all lovely sights, most pure and sweet,
And, of God's noble work, the most complete!

A BAGATELLE;

OR,

An Epistle to a Young Lady within a few miles of Cambridge.

With all the careless joy of youth,
The fearless bound, the laugh of truth,
The buoyant spirits full of bliss,
The rosy moments, who would miss?
The monk, his leaden cell within,
The Nun, who never dreamed of sin;
Who silent, at the vesper bell,
Their joyless beads in sorrow tell;
The monarch on his diamond throne—
Would taste of pleasures not their own.
But not for them the roses blow,
Their measured steps are sad and slow;
They cannot scent affection's dew,
They cannot catch of joys the hue,
Before they o'er the wall can creep,
The dancing hours at distance leap;
None but the freeborn and the free,
Mingle in innocence and glee!

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Hence from the busy town we haste,
Even from the town of budding taste,
From stately forms and figures starch,
Where fashioned age and youth inarch,
To where like wanton eglantine,
We twist as humour's whims incline;
And where, in merry mood, at eve,
You catch us by the running sleeve,
Skip o'er the beds of fragrant balm,
The moon serene, the evening calm,
And lead along yon hanging wood,
And talk "of things well understood"—
Ah! why that dubitable start?
No satire harbours in my heart;
Truth is not irony—then why
Sits mercy begging in your eye?
This common, chit-chat, idle way,
Our elders travel every day;
Nay, some great men believe, at best,
That human knowledge is a jest;
That who below the surface goes,
Less happy is, for what he knows;
Therefore they on the surface play,
And pick up feathers light and gay,
Which dancing round their heads so fine,
Rival the glittering fire-fly's shine.
Besides, 'tis never thought unfair,
To laugh at what we sometimes wear.
The art of trifling, all grave faces
Acknowledge as the first of graces,
Which from the social circle flies,
When lovely women grow too wise!
Then when my blood begins to prance,
Why curdle with so sharp a glance?

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But yet we know the frown affected,
Is by a smothered laugh detected;
The cloud can ne'er disguise the pledge,
Of playful lightning on its edge;
The threatening azure still contains
A fountain of relieving rains;
Gales renovating soon arise,
The lovely rainbow spans the skies.
Lead on—we follow where you guide,
Along the road or river side,
To P*****'s ornate farm, yet chaste,
Wedding utility and taste;
To Newton's wood, or Jackson's hill,
To Charles' bank, or Wharton's mill;
Diverting in your lightsome way,
Our thoughts to subjects grave or gay,
To Lapland skies and polar nights,
To silver broaches, evil sprites;
To hags who on a moon-beam ride,
Vexing the young Norwegian bride,
And those good-natured fays who steep
The troubled eyes in dreamy sleep.
Of Sophy Western's muff just ask,
And then of Queen Eliza's mask;
If men on acorns once were fed,
Before the deer or heifer bled?

"Whence came this growth of noble trees?
Whence the aborigines of bees,
That every humming cavern hive,
And every nectar vessel rive?
Did nature first provide the seeds
Of wholesome plants and noxious weeds,
The creeping vine and scented rose,
And then her manufacture close?

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And have there been no changes found,
Since winds from Eden blew them round?
Or was the deluge sent, by drift
To shower them from each mountain clift?
A mighty power, with sparing toil,
To mix them with the various soil!
Whence may all-searching suns unfold
The proper shrub of every mould?
Or is this earth but one great mass
Of sleeping embryo seeds of grass?
  Were bodies, now so poor or fine,
To sink in weeds or mount in pine,
In hemlock, thistle, fern, or brier,
Nor change their nature, but attire,
Which should you, Nancy, like to be,
A rose-bush or a poplar tree?
You, so retiring, would not grow
A passion-flower, for vulgar show;
A creeping nor a clambering vine,
Fond to intrude or undermine;
A branching fir, forever green,
To herds and bleating flocks a screen,
Or noble oak, you'd like to rise,
As nearest to the starry skies—
What quick transitions nature shows!
Eve scarcely sees what morning blows!
So, Sally, on our florid cheek,
The rose-tint withers while we speak!
These oaks, that up to heaven now play,
Like cowslips, have no lasting May;
O could they speak and now disclose,
Why here this ancient barrow rose!
And what mysterious rites were paid,
When Huron chiefs within were laid;

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And why the circulating priest,
With muttered charms invoked the East;
And why, their annual round who take,
From Amoskeag to George's lake,
Three times around the barrow go,
With measured steps and looks of wo,
And with five sprigs of prickly ash,
The senseless ether westward lash,
And at each eastern point, three stones
Heap on their old forefather's bones,
Forming a huge and rustic pile,
Obscure as pyramids of Nile!
O could these oaks inform us why
Thus Indians honor all who die!
And whence tradition came, that they
Still hovered round this mortal clay?
By inspiration were they taught
What vain philosophy has wrought?
Poor native tribes! of land bereft,
How soon no mourner will be left!
No wandering foot will press the sod,
In sweet memorial often trod,
Where infant chiefs and patriot sires,
With pious breath provoked the fires—
An orb from God's creation cast,
Sparkling with splendour to the last.
  Our great-grand-mothers—could it be
They were as beautiful as we,
And now forgotten? Shall we slide
Thus into vast oblivion's tide,
Without one ripple on the wave,
To mark or wit's, or beauty's grave,
But o'er the smooth expanse, the skiff
Of careless joyance lightly whiff,

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With gauzy sail, and purple awning,
The rosy day in promise dawning,
Youth and gay fancy dancing high,
To every prow that whistles by,
With joyous streamers bravely decked,
And thoughtless of the sister wrecked!—
Our pictures too—what, go like theirs,
In fire-screens to their nieces' heirs!
So much of pleasure—so much cost,
As lumber in some garret tost?—
O, no! for now, endowed with mind,
Our image shall remain behind;
Though heirs neglect—some color faints,
Time mellows all that Stuart paints."

Not long these pensive moods abide,
How quick from thought to thought you glide!
From Ovid's to Arabian tales—
To Madoc landing here from Wales,
Who left on Dighton rocks, in scrawls,
His tour to wild Pawtucket falls—
Then, "Think you, Sir, the Welsh were sown
By Adam on the soil they own?
'Tis strange, but yet 'tis said migration,
Was frequent with each barbarous nation,
And moderns with a goose's aid,
Have emigrated in crusade.
If Bonaparte from France should slip,
Think you Great Britain will inship?
And will our chief instruct Monroe,
To take the noble isle in tow?*
Or let the Frenchmen thither row?—
Obliged to fly, I'd ope the door
To that good creature, Hannah Moore,

*The French were at this time preparing for a descent on England. 1806.

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Resign my bed, and half our farm,
To keep Letitia Barbauld warm;
And underneath that hawthorn hedge,
Or near that nook of rocky ledge,
Where in a grave poetic flight,
Joanna Baillie still may write,
Of all the passions, we'd allot
A garden, walk, and airy cot;
With Roscoe's lovely girls divide
Our summer-house, the stream beside;
Maria Edgeworth save from ill,*
Would she but keep her pencil still,
For who desires to see in print,
Her manner, to its very lint?
And who but shudders to suspect
She will the very heart dissect,
When from her eager, piercing eyes,
No female cunning finds disguise?
From such a skilful engineer,
Who has not every cause to fear?
Their traitor wishes, who conceals,
As round their avenue she feels?
Nay, from your very guarded wink,
Her brush depictures what you think;

* We so often recognize in the pages of this eminent novelist the features of those we know, that we imagine them to be drawn for the individual. This recognition is, of itself, a proof of a discriminating talent for observation, and of the felicitous skill with which disseminated traits are so collected and combined, as to produce, not merely what the author conceived to be appropriate to such an imaginary character, but a perfect portrait of some distinguished person. Thus in the imaginary character of the judge, in Miss Edgworth's "Patronage," we have our late Chief Justice ———, designated by his cotemporaries as *the giant of the law*, so completely delineated, that we involuntarily ask, "When, where, did he sit for his picture?—was Miss E. ever in the United States?"

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The curves your knitting lashes shape,
At meditated wit's escape;
Or when, with glittering eyes, you chase
The effect upon another's face,
Or deeply mortified, you blush
That every lineament is hush;
The crimple of your upper lip,
The twitch about your essence tip,
The very tapping of your toes,
Will every latent cause expose."

Again, not waiting one reply,
From this to that your questions fly:
As, what of bacon is the flitch?
If Mrs. Candour is a witch,
Who, without lifting key or latch,
Can all her prudent neighbours scratch.
Of times—which better—well to write,
The noon-day, or by candle light?
Of gazettes, which the best in town?
"What hitching stuff a muslin gown!"
Then ask advice about a cap;
"A charming man that Mr. Knap!"
Then turn to S*****, or to T*********,
Describing Mrs. Morgan's vandyke—
"O, Sally! don't you well remember,
The thirteenth day of last September,
How half a dozen College *Sirs*,
Their sky-blue stockings gemmed with burs,
Explored with rapture—come, let's go there—
The witch's cottage and her pinned chair?
And how, amidst their speculations,
They plundered figures for orations,
And gathered wit from broken spoons
For sermons, theses, and lampoons?

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Stood for a moment side by side,
And gravely moralized on pride;
For, lo! amidst this wreck of matter,
Were fragments of a china platter,
Such as from Herculaneum cinders,
Give moral thoughts to travelled Pindars,
Serve gentle readers to beguile,
With gems of sentimental style;
These, by association, led
To ladies, who on dainties fed—
Ladies, of wondrous charms possessed,
At least when elegantly dressed;
Whose locks a thousand lovers won,
And many a thousand had undone;
And whose bewitching movements stole
Of youth the yet unbalanced soul;
Made mighty scholars quit their books,
Arrested by such charming looks;
Then they, grown thoughtful and profound,
Imagined noises under ground,
Talked of lean ghosts of scholars, whom
The butler ushered to the tomb,
Which every quarter skimmed the hill,
Just as the steward closed his bill;
For nature's secrets, partly known,
Made *Sirs* to superstition prone—
When you hauled from the witch's pocket,
A lucky bone, and copper locket,
An amulet, a certain charm,
Against all unsubstantial harm,
Which *Sirs*, unversed in worldly wit,
Will likewise timidly admit;
Though we, from novel reading, know
Ne'er was, nor ever will be so;

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But pozed by algebra and fluxions,
We pardon all their false deductions,
If they exclusively assent
To our control in sentiment.
Then, T*****, 'twas we saw them smile,
In such a truly Attic style,
That Hogarth might have sketched a face,
With all Apollo's curving grace—
And then it was we heard them say
Such pleasant things—in style so gay!
In broken sentences, as, Stella—
Talus—bellissima—Puella—
In exclamations, Sophos! Oris!
Which we mistook for Sophy Mores,
The deacon's daughter; but we found
Of radicals they liked the sound—
When bowing like academicians,
With all the acumen of logicians,
Added—by rules of enthymeme,
A cart with oxen made a team,
For ox alone without a cart,
Of complex, only made a part,
But when to ox a cart was joined,
Minor and major so combined,
The just conclusion none mistook,
As may be proved by Duncan's book.
No explanation need we ask;
We likewise practise—and in mask—
Though rude the figure, 'twas expressive
Of passion, prudent, not excessive.
They spoke then of 'Aspasia, Bacchus,
Anacreon, and Horatius Flaccus,
Græca Majora, Dalzel, Frisbie,
Præses, et Pyramus, and Thisbe,

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Carmen Willardi—Mantua—flumen,
Dentatus—Ocularius—lumen—
Pectora plumosa—et pecunia—
Peculiatus—vitæ munia—
Vivacissimus—viscus—caveo!
Pocœnium—siccus—Cœlebs—abeo!
Inflexus—ictus!—procurandi—
A liminare—salutandi—[2]
With so much sense and taste united,
That we were silenced and delighted;
Admired, like Boniface, the Latin,
Silky and smooth as Florence satin;
Discovered young men were exalted,
Whom Greek and Latin attic salted,
And thought from that time ever after,
Pedantic beaux not made for laughter,
Who only modestly mistook
Our stops, for ignorance of a book;
Imagined we had yet to learn
How classic scholars patch and darn,
And form new tunics, finely wrought,
Without a thread of native thought;
Nay, thought we hardly knew enough,
To sort old attic silk from stuff!
  Poor, simple creatures—we can boast
Of many Socrates might toast;
The famed Aspasia, as excelling
In eloquence as well as spelling;
But living modestly retired,
Loved, heared, and silently admired,
And leading many a brother through
The classic land they never knew,
Endowing from each urn of taste,
With garlands, blooming, fragrant, chaste,

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Till, rich in manhood's noble mien,
He rise to walk the world's brave scene,
With ample breast, and visage bare,
As bold as truth, as free as air."

Thus having run on half an hour,
We look and see a rising shower,
When in a wild, romantic strain,
You bid defiance to the rain,
Propose to huddle all together,
And try vicissitudes of weather.
Or in the rocky cave that's near,
With some adventure quake and fear;
But which, reported to our writer,
Shall with the marvellous delight her;
Who may, to eke her novel out,
Describe a dry-land water-spout,
Such as immortal Franklin saw,
Lift up a chestnut-tree like straw,
(A chestnut-tree, as large as show,
Seven brothers that on Etna grow,
Now to the astonished world made known,
By tourists who neglect our own,)
And far beyond his lightning kite,
Set in mid Schuylkill bolt upright,
High as could lift that giant posse,
Who woody Pelion piled on Ossa,
Aiming to seize those lightning rods
That scourge and singe rebellious gods;
Which we refusing, slow you walk,
And botanize, the more to talk;
Till, bursting on the road full jolly,
We're reprimanded for our folly,
By some wiseacre, who, forgetting
What every season is befitting,

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Would check of gaity the bloom,
Because its neighbour is the tomb;
As if 'twere not the height of reason,
That youth should blossom in its season;
Or like the summer swallow, gather
Its future nest from every feather;
Or from the floating down and rose,
Its last reflecting couch compose;
And where, in mild retreats of leisure,
Dispensing round about a pleasure,
Gathered in youth's delightful time,
Imaginations in their prime,
When the young heart with vivid bound,
Leaped at each lively sight and sound,
And every object grave or gay,
Left on the fancy some light ray,
To form, when reasoning age combined,
Pictures to fill the mellow mind!
Thankful that God bestowed the power,
T' enjoy the love-created hour,
When all creation, to the sense
Of youth, seemed filled with effluence
Of that benignity, whose hand
Is felt, when rosy buds expand,
And when, invisible of form,
It hurls the renovating storm!
When seems the woodland solitude,
To burst in songs of gratitude,
Now to exhilarate, now control,
Exalt, and purify the soul,
Till full the aspirations rise
With glowing rapture to the skies!

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TO A FRIEND BOUND TO THE LEVANT, IN 1802.

Winds, auspicious winds, arise—
Loose the sail, the vessel flies.
Soon, Alcides' pillars passed,
Greece salutes the western mast.
Greece! what magic in the name!
Kindling an immortal flame!
Check, O check the vessel's speed;
Surely from the Doric reed,
Charming strains of sweet expression
Hither float in gay digression.
Bards, by Arethusa's fount,
Joys and pangs of love recount;
While each Shepherd lays his crook
By the flowered Sicilian brook;
Tender scenes! away, away!
Ida's waving tops display;
See! the gates of Crete unfold,
Dames of beauty, warriors bold,
Some myterious rite to pay,
March along the sacred way—
While the priest, with palms on high,
Hails the guardian Deity!
Stay not here, the rite is done,
Ere declines the morning sun.
On the left, Cythera, queen
Of this gay, romantic scene,
Sits, adorned with purple shells;
Lovely, heavenly Venus dwells,
Where her loved Appelles' art
Bids to life the colors start—
Hark! how to the vessel's bound,
Pleasure's syren timbrels sound!

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Greece! a solemn pause ensues,
While the eye thy landscape views!
What sensations thrilling rise,
As we muse beneath thy skies!
Bards that once thy mountains sung,
Seem to breathe thy groves among;
Hill, and rock, and fount, and dell
Of holy inspiration tell!
Inexhausted fount of light,
Flowing through barbaric night!

Choked by Scythia's iron tread,
Pressed by Asia's myriad head,
Secret in thy soil, the fire
Of genius would but half retire,
Throwing thence the sparkling coal,
Kindling truth from pole to pole!

In thy raptured poet's page
Glows the mind that warms each age.
Heaven, that shaped the Grecian frame,
Lodged within a soul of flame;
Forms, the seats of noble mind;*
Thrones, for empire o'er mankind;
Ample for the muse's eye,
Capacious room of Deity!
Hence, perspicuous, all reflect
Singly, simply, and correct;
Sketched in tales by fancy wove,
Heroes who in battle strove,

* The simplicity and correctness of narration adopted by the Greeks, was probably the result of the prevailing perfection of their physical organization, which is one of the principal conditions of intellectual excellence, and in which their philosophers exceeded those of modern times. The heads of the ancient Greek philosophers are of a remarkably fine form for intelligence.—*Foster on Atmospheric Phenomena.*

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Or in song which pleasure chooses,
All which, hallowed by the muses,
Bold, impressive, polished, clear,
Chain the soul, and charm the ear.
Hence each muse fit audience found,
For lightsome song and truth profound;
Hearts forever prompt to feel
What Bards and Sages dare reveal!
Shame and ignorance learn to tremble,
As thy graceful arts assemble;
Beauteous models, fair and chaste,
Form and finish public taste;
Where thy genial feelings spread,
Man assumes a bolder tread;
States and empires hence enroll,
All the grandeur of thy soul,
And of crime and vice the pause,
Gives to rest the lettered laws.
So improved the moral sense,
Virtue is its own defence;
Inspiration fails to find
Forms loftier than the public mind.

By the shade Mycale throws
Half-way down cold Ida's snows;
By the votive clouds that rise,
Charged with incense to the skies,
Grateful to the powers on high,
Sacred Delos' summits nigh.
By the gloom of Cynthus' heights,
Where the huntress queen delights,
Lesbos, charming isle, is near—
List, the lyre of Sappho hear!
Venus, could a hymn divine
Thee, to pity, soft incline,

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Sure so sweet and sad a strain,
Had not breathed the cords in vain!
Hark! the bard of Mitylene,
Sweeps the strings to beauty's queen—
Now a louder, bolder strain
Animates the embattled train—
Generous bosoms, how they glow!
How they rush to meet the foe!
By his lyre's inspiring power,
In the last, desponding hour,
Every heart is fixed to die,
With his country's liberty!
But when peace expands her wings,
Shift the numbers of his strings;
Festive measures, rising, falling—
Dancing pleasures home recalling.

By the tepid gales that bear
Spicy softness through the air,
Gay Ionia's coast is near.
Furl the sail, the anchor clear,
Hoist the barge, and ply the oar;
Now you reach the happy shore,
Scene of pleasure, clime of ease,
Formed the Teian's soul to please.

As you wondering walk the street,
Should you early chance to meet
Some devout and tender maid,
Ask her where the Bard was laid;
Her, whose Grecian forehead high,
Arches o'er an azure eye;
Whose expressive cheeks retain
Melting tints from Sappho's vein,
Spreading o'er a face benign,
Lustrous relics of the line,

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Whose progenitors had charms
For the blithe Anacreon's arms;
With a soft preluding sigh,
Tune her soul to sympathy;
Or some tender air infuse
Of Anacreon's happy muse;
First upon her lips impress
One impassioned, warm caress.

Lead her then the groves among,
Where the careless harp was strung.
What a crowd of thoughts awake,
As you thread the wood and brake,
With a maid who yet can speak
To flowers that know her native Greek!
Groves that never cease to wave
O'er the great, the good, the brave!
Treading on that sleeping plain,
Whence the race shall rise again;
Rise, as those of old renowned,
With liberty and glory crowned!

High amid the sylvan scene,
Waves an olive, ever green;
Thither roves the honied thigh,
When the sun is up the sky;
Mark the murm'ring insect's flights,
What his course, and where he lights;
For he always loves to rest,
Where the poet's grave is drest
By the rosy hand of spring;
Where at morn the linnets sing,
Ere the sun has flung a ray
Through the misty summits grey.
Fresh and fragrant is the air,
Though no cumin blossom there;

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Modest violets exhale
Scented dews around the vale.
If he fail to lead your feet,
To the silent Bard's retreat,
With the maid, whose ruddy smile
Lights you round the Teian isle,
Further search the grove and shore,
Till the whole is traversed o'er;
Then a goblet, deep and large,
With delicious liquor charge,
Such as Chios, only, pressed
For the highly favoured guest;
Bear it to the shepherd's lip,
Innocence oppressed must sip
Nectar that may breed a strife,
For freedom, happiness, and life!
Prosperous voyaging thus insure,
With libations rich and pure.
If the tomb cannot be found,
Pour it on the thirsty ground,
All the soil with virgin bloom,
Will adorn Anacreon's tomb;
But his freeborn spirit, wide
Down the track of time, must glide.
Now a whisper in my ear,
Says, "Anacreon's soul is here,
In his works—the immortal part,
His social genius, wit and heart."

No, Anacreon charms no more,
Nymphs of gay Ionia's shore;
Grecian groves no longer show
Eyes that speak, and cheeks that glow;
Slavery's palsying hand effaced
Keen delight, and pleasures chaste;
Brutal passions hence succeed;
Nobles toil, and matrons bleed.

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Trod no more, where victor's rule,
Is Zeno's porch, or Plato's school;
Lost is every brilliant art—
Feels no more the leaden heart;
Broken columns, sculptured fanes,
Strew, alas! the classic plains;
Gems, each savage country's prize,
Only mark where grandeur lies.

And canst thou not some fragment find,
Of glorious Greece's living mind?
Remain no hearts that yet respire
At Sappho's lute, or Homer's lyre?
Is washed from memory every trace
Of Pindar's fire, of Plato's grace?
And did the deluge plough so deep,
That not a root should live to creep
Again, in more auspicious time,
To bear its generous head sublime?

Ah! then the lesson deep engrave,
That virtue dies when man's a slave!
The clement victor yet degrades,
The genial faculties he shades.
What though he come in science drest,
Like Rome, and spread the purple vest;
Though like the Gaul, with varying art,
To sooth with grace the ravished heart,
Or lull, with reason's fair pretence,
The soul to all the joys of sense?
Shut, shut thine ear, in such disguise,
The syren charmer, slavery, lies!
Think that thy country soon may claim
Her sons to vindicate her fame,
And swear, that no usurping power,
Shall snatch, or mar, fair freedom's dower!

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THE PARISH CLERK.

EXTRACT FROM AN ESSAY ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF ANIMALS.

* * * * * But we'll transcribe the case;
'Tis in the P*****w annals, at the place
Where runs a filament of navy blue,
In Liber ten and five, and folio two,
In sheep-skin bound—the bottom of the box,
That stands beneath the desk with two brass locks;
A precious relic, whence the little town
Enjoys, than Rome, a more serene renown;
And devotees of ancient lore declare
The hand is so miraculously fair,
Within the vatican, the Pope might rate
From Palmers, fees to half maintain the state!

But thus the parish Clerk the record wrote—
A teacher of the languages we quote;
Yet while he taught with great mechanic skill,
Dead languages were husks of learning still.
"The scope, the matter, the design," he said,
"Were, to most scholars, literally dead.
A few smart aphorisms might remain;
Crutches a feeble body thus sustain.
Inestimable treasures yet they were
Of language, never liable to err.
The Grecian temples, simply great, retain
The noblest forms of man's creative brain.
Ages have passed, and all the wit of man,
Could simply copy, not improve the plan.

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Their just proportions, architects may mete;
Who dare contract, or spread the muses' seat?
The powers divine, the prototype designed,
Temples of years, for effluence of mind.
The inspiring genius of the loftiest soul,
Alone could fill, and glorify the whole;
Grand without pomp, and ample without space;
Sublime conception, and consummate grace!
All that the beau-ideal can surmise,
The simple structures of the Greeks comprise.
So is the language; thus completely fit
To express the force of reason, judgment, wit;
All that the mind conceives, the tongue can speak;
There's no discordant common-place in Greek.
While fluctuates often every modern tongue,
Latin and Greek were petrified while young;
These change not with the sculpture of the times;
Endure all changes, modify all climes.
From these, the springs of thought will ever flow;
If we are wise, they helped to make us so;
If we are polished, they prepared the file;
If we are elegant, they gave the style;
Time, when he saw them to perfection reach,
Destroyed the people, to preserve the speech."

Ignorant of authorship, he never knew
The tricks that bring before the public view
The lucubrations, whose prodigious run
Half ends, before the critique is begun.

Nor had he a judicious friend, to show
What otherwise the public could not know;
The vast conceptions of a mighty mind,
Where more was meant than vulgar wit could find;
Depth of great thought, and range of intellect,
That kindred genius only could detect!

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Thus prosing on, in one prosaic style,
Behind the age he lingered many a mile;
As many a sound divine, himself confined,
Notes not his congregation's march of mind;
Too modest he, to deem his learned light,
Has urged them to a more expansive height,
And, while he pointed where they ought to go,
They leave him creeping in the vale below;
A luminous horizon round them spread,
While mystic curtains yet obscure his head!

You'd laugh to see his closet of odd wares;
Fragments, and memoranda of affairs;
Hints, and essays on old Egyptian clothes;
History of squibs, conundrums, jokes, and oaths;
And here and there a sonnet or an ode,
Tacked to the margin of Justinian's code;
The code itself dissected to translate,
With Livingston's and Bona's to collate;
Thoughts on melodious numbers, sculpture, law,
Rules of perspective, precepts how to draw;
Instructions in church-music, how to bleat,
And make the sense subservient to the feet;
How words the Hebrew Lyrist might omit,
The articulation spoiling crotchet wit.
To some, ironical, should this appear,
Know, to sweet music, he confessed himself all ear!

In short, you'd think he all things would describe,
As fellow of an universal tribe;
An adequate collection having made,
To be complete in the reviewing trade;
Instead of keeping a large index shelf,
To be a perfect chronicle himself;
But no such thought e'er entered in his head;
At leisure he resorted to the dead,

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And minding little passing on this stage,
Remained identic with a former age.

No wonder that his style was therefore quaint,
He would not varnish what was rough or faint;
He sketched the forms of men and things with ease,
But wanted tints to strike, and grace to please.
Affected carelessness great wits may dare,
But midling talents no refinement spare;
This polished age of taste, regards a thought
By the nice skill with which its dress is wrought.
If e'er he gave his pictures life and soul,
Unconscious, they arose from something droll.
Such were his views of life, a passing show,
Active and still, magnificent and low;
Or rather such society's broad face,
A motley form of grandeur and grimace,
Nobles in rags, and paupers in gold lace!
Where, if you'd taste the freshness of the green,
You must pass barberry-allies, close and mean,
But overlooking all, see, with delight
All parts, though differing, yet proportioned right.

His strokes, though true to nature, ne'er would thrash,
He checked his humour, though disposed to lash;
He longed, but curbed the strong desire, to strip
An artificial world, and use the whip,
For better thoughts prevailed,—he saw as great
Faults in a savage, as a civil state;
Here better means are used—a press most chaste,
A liberal clergy, and the public taste;
Opinions, sifted through a thousand ages,
And bolted to a few transparent pages,
Not like ~~save~~ Sevre porcelain, costly, rare, and small,
But cheap clay pottery, spread abroad for all;

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Examples good should perfect morals bring—
But satire leaves a poison with its sting,
Corroding the pure stream of youthful life,
Transmitting down the bitter draughts of strife.
He thought it best that each man, in his way,
Should furnish something to the world's great play;
The food of genius would be spare indeed,
If pared and weighed by unity of creed;
Shakspeare would want variety, unless
Julia and Kate had different minds and dress.

He ne'er consulted literary men,
For few, he said, but had a selfish pen;
And critics delicately would lament,
"Superior talents were thus idly spent;"
And urge to something, "but they know not what,
Less high than Milton, more correct than Scott;
All fail, attempting Milton's height sublime;
All sink, with Scott's facility of rhyme;
Both are seductive—that to pomp's excess;
And this, to wanton negligence of dress."
And then, with elegant precision, score
Words or expressions he disliked before;
Some obvious error magnify, and thence
Pervert the words to ridicule the sense;
For fine spun words he valued not a groat,
His school-boy language must express his thought;
"Speak what you think, but think not how to speak;
Mother's vernacular was perfect Greek;
Demosthenes preserved his noble fame,
In language used by every apple-dame."
The best narrator was, he said, Defoe;
Gibbon, a stately philosophic beau,
"Of mighty things, in common-phrase, that tells;
With trifles, this, magniloquently swells;"

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The boy, who full-mouthed sentences pronounced,
Instead of simple and correct, was trounced;
By which you know he was a simple wight,
And cared not for applause, a single mite;
Though well he knew the modern art to make
A great man, was applause to give and take.

Yet with delight he hung o'er Shakspeare's page,
And Scott, he thought the Shakspeare of his age.
The vivid touches of whose diamond knife,
Sculptured the living, brought the dead to life!
A strange obliquity we must confess!
But there's no cure for such poor simpleness!

But old, not modern works, he mostly read,
And Franklin's was the pillow of his bed.

He, ne'er ambitious to partake his fame,
Walked in the lustre of a great man's name;
Though he remote progenitors might claim,
Who once, for sturdiness, enjoyed renown,
For helping Bolingbroke to hold the crown,
He valued more the right-unyielding stock,
That rooted empire on old Plymouth rock;
A novel generation hence began,
As after Noah's flood, regenerated man!
God, hence the population to renew,
Selected of the old world a boat's crew,
The seed of mighty empires, in a few!

He laughed at office-heralds, who supplied
The dubious elements of ancient pride;
And ridiculed the fools, who, sterling gold
Gave for armorials savaged o'er with mould,
Baronial scutcheons, once the shrewd device
Of barbarous ages, and of mighty price;

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The cheap reward of tyrants, when they gave
Honor to vice, or freedom to a slave.
The boasted blazonry of Runamede,
He said, might bloat, but not improve the breed.
If claims to merit from the sire descend,
The heirs deficiency was much to mend.
One great example, though adorned with grace,
Entails no virtue, and but shames the race.
On his own power, exerted to some end,
All honest reputation must depend;
And let the end be analyzed, we find
Both great and small have equal force of mind,
Save as proportioned to the end in view,
A wolf for him, a squirrel hunt for you.
In mill-horse trot most follow those who lead,
And drove or led—of mind how small the need?
The chains of custom rankle in the veins,
They curse the steel, but dread to stir the chains;
A present ill through indolence endure,
Nor cut the proud-flesh, certain of a cure.

The two great subjects which enrage mankind,
Passed in review, but not disturbed his mind.
In politics he scarcely had a choice;
Always contented with the public voice;
"If passion breed a storm, 'tis a brief gush—
The giant reason wakes, and all is hush!"
Though oft amused, at visionary pains
Of his afflicted friends, if this man reigns;
"For whether A**** lead, or J******* drive,
The plundering swarms still hover at the hive;
Even who at first from home distracted ran,
Turn to the tinkling, new brass warming-pan,
Murmur and buzz, and gather in a string,
And where they find no honey-comb, they sting!"

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On sacred subjects, only, was he mute;
"On points of doctrine, let the learned dispute;
Even their cool heads, of blood can scarce restrain
The flow, when lanced the controversial vein.
Campbell declares, as Law explains the text,
Though not convinced, he finds himself perplexed;
If minds like Campbell's thus are forced to doubt,
How can the vulgar sift the doctrine out?
Yet quench inquiry, and returns old night;
The friction of dry wood elicits light.
When just opinions from the chaff they shake,
Reason and gospel one communion make.
This shaking of the dry bones, to my eyes,
Improves the earth, and populates the skies;
For all religions' founded to control
Passion and pride, invigorate the soul;
Call into action energies humane,
Elate with hope, and discipline with pain."

The art of rhetoric never was his forte,
He wrote spontaneously, and seemed in sport;
Not that he wanted art, and skill, and sense,
Periods to point, and sentiments condense;
Nor industry, to glean from every source,
Power to combine with energy and force;
Nor those engaging faculties, that strike
Resemblances from objects most unlike;
Nor that expanding, amplifying art,
That gathers weight till it subdues the heart;
Nor spirit to infuse attractive grace
O'er the most stubborn and forbidding face;
Nor the persuasive, yet the artless skill,
With native pathos to subdue the will;
And to his single purpose, gently bend,
Those who believed themselves, to condescend;

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For sometimes, to oblige a friend, he'd score
A toast that made the public table roar;
At once producing an alarming burst
Of vulgar praise, which filled him with distrust,
Lest he by chance had party passions hit,
Where lies, that live a half hour, pass for wit.
Once to a paragraph he gave a touch—
No word was wanting, and no word too much;
So plain, so sweet, so strong, emphatic, bold,
It hushed the furious, and it fired the cold;
Called forth such praise as well might turn the brain,
Of mighty men, if mighty men were vain;
With praise on praise, and ready puff on puff,
The modest editor was tired enough,
And begged the trembling author's leave to show
The writer's name, who answered, No, no, no!
The property abandoned thus, became
Felicitous for editorial fame.

Yet 'twas his fancy rather to compose
In verse, not far removed from humble prose;
Averse to rhyme, since that would not convey,
Of common things, concisely, what you'd say,
And in a demonstration always fails;
For reasoning verses ever have long trails.

Read, or not read, he wrote to please himself;
The amusement was for pleasure, not for pelf;
It was the only idle trick he had,
A sport which grew up with him from a lad;
And which, depending on no foreign power,
Served as a sweet resource in every leisure hour;
Yet never was it suffered to suspend
The course of business, or to toil extend;
Nay, often had he said, he reasoned best,
When a full tide of business on him pressed;

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It seemed to bring alertness, and a spring—
His judgment clear, and give his fancy wing.

No one can know what would have been his case,
Had other circumstances changed his place;
For characters of men are shaped and bent
By some fresh accident or strange event.
New reasons, new conclusions may produce;
Grains turn the scale of motives hanging loose.
Interest may wake a good man to review
Opinions, and exchange the old for new;
Without a miracle may lightning strike
The tinder of conversion, and make light
Shoot, and illuminate the soul's dark room,
Long hung with cobwebs of dogmatic gloom,
Expose the stagnant cavities within,
And drive the sinner from his mire of sin;
Thus a white mouse, upon the fancy wrought
Of Paul, and generated pious thought;
The soul once moved, with genial heat evolves
A glowing eloquence and stern resolves!
The greatest, goodliest patriot, may, by force
Of circumstances, change his earlier course;
As Cromwell, squeezed between the party rocks,
Was forced to shear his friendly Sampson's locks,
And knock their heads together, who before
Had, for his entrance, stormed the palace door!
Cromwell an elder of our church had shone,
An humble suppliant at salvation's throne,
And held with Cotton, in communion sweet,
His evening lecture in the silenced street;
From David's psalms announcing, line by line,
The pious breathings of the man divine,
Had not the royal ruler of the State,
Detained the subject, and reversed his fate;

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Forbid, with pilgrims in the wilds to fight,
He braved the monarch, and usurped his right;
Made Europe tremble at his sovereign nod,
And held the power, as delegate of God!

But when retired, 'twas wonderful to see
His servant thoughts, from roaming full and free,
Throng home, each laden with a nectar gem,
Covering, of future trees, the infant stem—
Not Swedenborg himself more rapturous felt,
When at his board the twelve Apostles knelt!

It seemed as though a fountain in his breast
Lay hid, even from himself, till he addressed
A wish to bathe in that poetic stream,
Of which his fancy often had a gleam;
And then would shower around him such a show
Of things, he never how to catch would know
The best and sweetest; so he took by chance
The nearest that before him chose to dance.
Then would he laugh alone at the fantastic group
That round his very heart-strings seemed to hoop!
And screach, and reach, and shake his truckle-bed,
At shows and fancies hovering in his head—
Again, all grave and silent, burst the tears—
Even for his sanity creating fears—
And oft a rising spring of ecstacy,
Mingled his soul with spirits of the sky—
Then seeming guiltless of a single thought,
The very children treated him as nought.
Yet when his nerves to energy were strung,
He'd brace, and thrill the pulses of the young,
And, with his animating spirit, quell
Idle resistance, and to quit the shell
Of turtle sloth, the laziest youth compel.

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'Twas strange no female friend could e'er prevail—
Though courting much, he took no marriage veil.
Though well he loved the sex—ah! much too well,
As many a spotless spinster's sighs may tell.

Unversed in women, he surmised no ill,
From colouring warmly what he lined with skill;
He know not then, how quickly they engraft
The Grecian cunning with improving craft.
Fond to instruct them, like a child he talked;
"Thus Sappho warbled, thus Aspasia walked—
The first of ladies, who a coterie,
Formed at a table of Athenian tea;
And held those evening parties twice a week,
Where public orators were taught to speak;
Athenian mobs refusing such to hear,
Most polished mobs! who shunned the female ear!
Such, to retrench, and to refine, debates,
The female power should be, in Democratic States."
Described the dress and figure of the fair—
Their stately carriage, yet seducing air,
That sweet address, and soft, persuasive look,
Which drew harmonious Plato from his book.

With fixed attention watch the village girls,
Press down their shoulders, and adjust their curls,
Some new ideas, from his pictures caught,
Attest their vast velocity of thought;
For with a glance a female genius skips,
And in her fancy sees the moving lips,
Then the whole contour beneath the figure swells,—
The perfect sculpture of the reigning belles;—
The form may vanish, but the charm impressed,
Grows in her brain, enlarges in her breast.

As some fair maiden, skilled the wheel to whirl,
Sees on the spool a yarn of graceful curl,

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Bends gently forward, ere the tasteful shape,
Relapsed in thread, the beauteous form escape,
And deems transported to her glossy hair,
One nobler ringlet fairer makes the fair;
Though at her touch the elastic fibre slacks,
And rings of beauty change to rings of flax,
Yet nought the ideal image can efface,
Its visioned form bestows augmented grace;
Triumphant pleasure sparkles in her eyes,
Her young heart flutters with the glorious prize;
On her flushed cheek, a dawning conquest glows,
And dancing spirits titillate her toes,
While every curl, which dangled loose before,
Acquires instruction, and is cherished more—
Taught round the polished forehead to entwine,
A seeming wanderer, with a fixed design.

Through open wears, the fish go in and out,
Well woven meshes only catch the trout!

TRAINING DAY.

FROM THE SAME.

'Twas now of months, the merry month of May,
When round the pole the Albion lasses play;
For island meadows feel an earlier spring,
And cowslips sooner blow, and cuckoos sing.
Of barley sheaves, and corn of golden ear,
One moon before our time, their fields are clear;
Not that the sun respects an island more,
As genial rays, he sheds on every shore;
Not that the moon in monarchy delights,
She beams serene on democratic nights;

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Not that the stars with nobler brilliance shine,
They borrow lustre from no race divine;
But continents of hard-ribbed ice require,
A long delay, and vast expense of fire;
Hence merriments which nature there supplies,
By chance or artifice, to us arise.

Now came the month, for so the laws ordain,
When lusty youth in polished armour train;
When belts of silk, and scarfs of purple hue,
And maiden colors, orange, red, and blue,
Of various texture, and of quaint device,
Labours of love, ambitious gifts of price,
And epaulets, and stalls of ginger-beer,
O'er all the field, a splendid show, appear.
Though cold and bare, while yet no blooms are seen,
Nor orchards laugh the promise of the green;
While the green blood awake not yet to swell
The violets silver vein, or snow-drop's cell;
To fields so tempting men and maids repair;
A martial camp is beauty's licensed fair;
The high priced heiress, and the humble belle,
Here show a sample of the wares they sell;
All deal on honor, none attempt disguise,
Moses may buy his spectacles with eyes.
Although the ribbons be arranged with art,
No spice coquettish stimulates the heart;
They laugh, they sport, they frolic unrestrained,
Joyous to feel one day of freedom gained;
Light are the feet, and merry are the strains,
And the free soul comes bursting through the veins.

Now boys and girls, from school dismissed, enjoy
The vacant ramble, and the sugared toy;
And judges, weary of a tedious plea,
Indulge the bar with one more lazy fee;

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And senates careful of the gold's excess,
In prudence merely take a short recess;
For should the treasury overflow, no doubt
'Twould burst a deluge like a water-spout;
Draw off by rills, and thereby save a flood;
So stops a fever by decrease of blood;
A salutary method, none more wise,
When doubtful where the fell distemper lies!

Who not admires the drum's tremendous roll,
Must have no martial ardor in his soul;
Who with the sprightly fife no concord beat,
Must have no sense of music in their feet;
Who do not glow when marching ranks display,
Devoid of metal, are composed of clay;
Who do not shout when feu-de-joys go round,
Have ears repugnant, and a taste unsound;
And when the staff reviews, battalions wheel,
Who do not glory in the flint and steel,
Stand all on tiptoe to behold the wave
Of white swan feathers nodding on the brave,
Must with some tame militia rusty gun,
Face right about, and homeward quickly run.
Not so our peasants, they from far and near,
Hastened from home, to show, and see, and hear!

O youths, neglectful of your sacred trust!
Neglect of duty is of crimes the worst!
By this, what citadels have been surprised?
How many honored once, at last despised?
On Troy's old tents when ravages were made,
By two mad heroes of the Grecian blade,
The glorious deed the world approved, but then
The world was peopled by half savage men,
Whose trade was war—bound to be killed or kill,
They held life's tenure at another's will.

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A milder race of heroes then succeed,
A Norman blending with a Celtic breed;
(Pagan and Christian fathers thus unite,
And make religion neither black nor white!)
Professing to refine and slay by rule,
According to the tact of honor's school,
And kindling at the breath of ridicule;
For their refinement was of outward show,
Bad passions cankered in the folds below,
And smarting if the winds upon them blow!
Trojans, with great potations strong and deep,
Fatigued, but sought the sweet restorer, sleep;
You, from a day of pleasure sunk to rest,
Ready to rise, for sure you were full-dressed,
But far from home, and ceased the public roar,
All silent, all, but your tremendous snore!
The sheep, who hire you with their warmest fleece,
To tend by day, and guard by night in peace,
To ope the wicket and from pasture lead,
To shift from barren to a better mead,
All night exposed, at distance from the fold,
The air all humid, and the west-wind cold,
Bleat loud for aid, no aid to them appears,
Nor sheep nor lambkin's cry no keeper hears.

Customs once formed, opinions long entail,
Or good or ill through future times prevail;
In sacred things the wise themselves accord
With rules obnoxious, which the mob applaud;
Men, worldly prudent, innovations dread,
A reverend horror to disturb the dead,
But if the dead advanced beyond the sire,
Succeeding heirs may raise the structure higher;
Of men of rank, tenacious of their place,
Few are so changeless as the men of lace!

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A captain of militia, when first made,
Must come in regimentals on parade,
Step out with martial air, and gay attire,
At once a captain, and at once a squire!
When all the troop in circular array,
Advance their arms, and virgin honors pay,
And deep the standard of his rule to set,
The soil around with strong libations wet;
Then at his feet are rousing volleys paid,
While front to front he waves the fleshless blade.
Next from the field the hostile squadrons march
To where the shady trees the plain inarch.
Here, as by fairy hands or magic wove,
Deep in the cool recesses of the grove,
Around an ample oak, whose branches made
A canopy of most propitious shade,
A long pavilion rose, whose gentle swell
Of convex sides, seemed like a mighty bell,
Clothed with fresh ever-green, so wreathed with art,
At every breath of wind to close and part,
Making a chequered and romantic light,
A moving show, fantastically bright,
Shadowing and flitting, like a fairy dance,
Of some sweet airy vision of romance.
Columns of rustic wreaths, at equal space,
Dropped their rich, wild festoons, in showy grace;
While flowers, as nature was not yet in blow,
So close to nature wrought, and round to throw
Hues of each varying shade, diffused a gale,
As fragrant as the perfumes of the vale.
High was the eastern seat, for one alone,
Of rustic rushes formed, a rural throne;
So should the martial chief be always placed,
So with distinguished honors soothed and graced!

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Great Alexander thus, in pomp and pride,
O'er the rich banquet would himself preside;
While for the staff, the social table round,
Were seats of mossy turf, and rushes strewed the ground.

Here Icabod, the host, with curious care,
On maple-boards displayed a sumptuous fare;
A solid feast, not formed of puffs and paste,
Refection grateful both to smell and taste.
No costly wine of champaigne sparkled here,
No Springfield ale was yet, nor Sowdon beer,
But, in their stead, a more salubrious bowl,
To cheer the heart, and warm the ambitious soul;
For he, the host, was of that ancient race,
That loved the origin of things to trace;
Declared that bacon, beef, and fowl, and fish,
Lost half their relish served in china dish,
While shining pewter, *semper idem* stamp,
Exalted venison, nor required the lamp.
More he esteemed an urn with ancient rust,
Than or Angelo's or Canova's bust;
Hence, like his father, he preserved the stool,
Which the great Wolsey gave his Ipswich school;
But an ephemeris in prose and rhyme,
Of earlier date than Roger Bacon's time,
Stood highest in esteem, for there were cast,
The curious chronicles of things long past,
And copious recipes for wounds and sprains,
And jealous spasms, and love's rheumatic pains,
And how to medicate with plantain leaf,
The wounds of maiden scorn, and shorten lovers' grief.
One page contained, in royal German text,
A rich emblazoned coat-of-arms annexed,
A field of gold and sapphire yet illumed,
The first great letter, which in splendour bloomed.

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Here were the rules, that noble maids obeyed,
To queen Eliza who attendance paid;
To each fine lady, for her breakfast cheer,
One pound of salted beef, two pints of beer!
And that famed recipe, by which the gods,
When Vulcan mixed, united ends and odds.
Immortal beverage, to the sons of Troy,
Release from trouble, and the spring of joy!
Taught to the Fair, their cause of ten years' strife,
In Thebes' high dome, by Thone's imperial wife;
The Egyptian queen, whom "custom could not stale,
Nor age could wither," found it never fail,
From warlike care to lure her Roman knight,
And float the banquet with supreme delight.
The Queen from Jove, her high descent derived,
Of all her portion this alone survived;
This filled the bowl which limping Vulcan swung,
When with high glee the Olympian synod rung.
When Helen sojourned, mark of royal state,
To her the empress gave the rich receipt.
She thence in Sparta, for Ulysses' heir,
Blended the cordial that suspended care,
And on a gold-rimmed horn's extremest edge,
Copied and gave, as holy friendship's pledge.
Wandering from Sparta when the monarch died,
A Thane conveyed it to the shores of Clyde;
For the rich fruit he searched with utmost care,
Of pulpy fruitage every glen was bare;
The precious scroll he hid beneath the ground,
By wizard charms in iron fetters bound,
Full in the faith that, in some distant age,
He should revive, and hence his thirst assuage.
Here, when to plant a city of renown,
Old Baillie Jarvie planned the Glasgow town,

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The horn was found, but the mysterious scroll,
No Gaelic seer could read, nor Laird unroll,
Till on the site the College walls arose,
And science taught each mystery to disclose.
But long unused the genial secret lay—
At length a ship came billowing up the bay,
Buoyant and gay from Cuba's sunny clime,
And brought the sun's fair fruit, the golden lime.
Thence ancient Spruel, the remote of kin
Of Cyril Thornton, pressed the juice within
A huge, capacious bowl, and mixed the draught,
Which all the learned of Scotland since have quaffed.

When first McTavers in New-England fixed,
In cans less deep the precious draught he mixed,
And taught the mistress of the Swan and Dove,
To blend with niceness and around to shove;
Not changed its nature, though it changed its name,
And Jove's Nepenthean liquor punch became.

No draught so virtuous ever cleared the brain
Of every care, or dissipated pain;
Entrancing and enchanting all who drink,
Suspending love, and every power to think!
Though at the altar, ready to unite,
A long-loved mistress wait the marriage rite,
The priest in cassock dressed the ring prepare,
And turn the dogs-ears at the place of prayer;
Though the stern father stand with scourge and whip,
And dash the sturdy bowl of foaming flip,
Denounce his son, and name a stranger heir,
To all his ample farms and mansions fair;
Though the High Sheriff read the riot act,
By all the Possee Comitatus backed;
Though o'er his head the Mayor's thunder roll,
The dreadful thunder which o'erawes the soul,

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And lock-up rooms, in iron-order threat,
With culprit-tears, where yet the wall is wet;
Though near his head the raging flames ascend,
And shouts of boys the rattling engine tend,
And though the engineer a torrent throw,
That might the tower of Babel overflow,
And batter down with his hydraulic hose,
The pyramids, should pyramids oppose;
Regardless of the ornaments that wrap
His downy limbs in so serene a nap;
His rich habiliments, which on the field,
Shone like the trappings of a knight ensteeled,
Straps, with nob buckles gilded at the rim,
And belts of red morocco, full and trim,
And blue sash, woven by expecting love,
Marked with a burning heart and cyprian dove—
Regardless—and the watery deluge pour,
To drown his half-articulated roar,
And mindful only of the smoke on high,
The smoke of fame, the flame of ecstacy!
(Such practices the chief of armies sway,
To one great object, minor rights give way.
The splendid palace—the retreat of age,
The cot's low roof, are trampled in his rage!
The thirsty, unrelenting sword to sate,
The range of glory, all must desolate!
Thank God! his works above the havoc shine,
Though man, the emmet, strive to undermine!
Crumble the earth, he cannot earth entomb!
'Tis in eternal energy and bloom!)
Calm and entranced, from thirsty morn to eve,
He lies recumbent on his open sleeve,
Open, to give his pulse an ampler beat,
And sooth to sweet delight, the heart's quick heat!

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Our host with this his liberal goblets crowned,
And bore the beverage divine around,
Till all the troop not homeward walked, but danced,
Then on the hay-mow fell, and lay entranced.
Not that they were in stupid dulness sunk,
For ne'er in I*****h was a yeoman drunk;
Far be such shame from an industrious place,
Famed for sobriety and pointed lace!
But with such strong potations, large and deep,
No wonder heavy fell the dews of sleep!

RETURNING HOME.

Late as I pondered yon majestic oak,
I saw its youthful acorns clustering round,
No storms had then its vigorous branches broke,
Nor strewed its infant family the ground.

Now, ere the scent of Hagley's grove is gone,
That dewed my locks beyond the Atlantic wave,
Of branches stripped, the shattered trunk forlorn,
Bends leafless, tearless, o'er the yearly grave.

Where is the deer, that upward cast his eye,
In patient hope, the ripened fruit to taste?
Him God has beckoned to a southern sky,
Where chilling storms nor strip, nor seasons waste.

So is the destiny of man complete;
He sprouts, he blossoms, ripens and decays,
Around the sapling arms of infants meet,
Renew his race and shadow out his ways.

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Thus do our households fall as stricken deer,
Single and silent thus we pass away!
But confidence in God, our footsteps cheer,
To seek that clime where shines immortal day.

Where in eternal verdure fruits and flowers,
And buds and blossoms mingle and delight;
Where love's celestial amaranthine bowers
Nor storms, nor age, nor raving famines blight!

Mourn not the blasted oak—its doom fulfilled,
The storm that shook, gave firmness to its heart;
Its youth but served a forest round to build,
Destined like him to grow, and shelter, and depart!

DIBDIN'S TRAVELLING CARRIAGE.

O TALK not to me of old Gyges' gold ring,
Such fables may quiet a babe or a king;
A carriage substantial conveys me acrost
The burning volcano and Spitzbergen frost.
No Sultana jealous the harem conceals,
The gates all fly ope at the touch of my wheels;
While the sun on my arbour diffuses a glow,
I toil with brave Franklin through regions of snow;
While the broad-spreading locust is fanning my door,
With Buchart I pant on the African shore.
That sea is my carriage, my castle, my arms,
Where storms never shiver, marauder ne'er harms.
With Chiefs I scale castles, with Adams make peace,
And seated with Byron grant succours to Greece.

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No height is too lofty, no shaft is too deep,
On the Andes I glow, on Vesuvius I sleep.
Is it winter? Let others complain of sharp cold,
I revel mid Samarcand apples of gold.
And I have the magic to summon at will,
All bards that ere drank of the Helicon rill.
As oft in the regions of fiction I roam,
My mind is detached while my body's at home;
For the poets have harnessed a gossamer car,
As light as the zephyr, as bright as a star,
In which they transport me through all that is fair,
While actively tilting my green rocking-chair;
And some have the genius to make me believe,
With visions unreal they never deceive.
I seem with these fairies to go and explore,
Each delicate pebble that rubies the shore,
And catch from the ocean the infantile pearl,
That laughs, half afloat, mid the waves as they curl,
Like the soul of fair woman, in bashfulness seen,
Glancing out just a blush and a tear from between.
Even now the high-priests of the muses that deign
To breathe on our mountains, and sing on our plain,
Surround me with sounds so delicious, I seem
To rise from the earth in a transporting dream.
No wonder, while P******* so much delights
With a newness and freshness in all that he writes!
Who while he imparts into language his feeling,
Seems only the thoughts of our bosoms' revealing,
So genius, intuitive, touches the strings,
And man springs exulting on seraph-like wings!

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CONTEMPLATIVE RETIREMENT.

Boy! give me Milton's page, I fear
Of change were I to think,
Visions of bliss that now appear,
Would in oblivion sink.

While on the thought I meditate,
I feel my spirits wing;
The world is gone, and mortal state,
A momentary thing.

Transported to another sphere,
The firmament of mind,
Expansive, limitless, and clear,
Of pure, ethereal kind!

To shift would dissipate the spell;
A touch, charm all away;
O let me then extatic dwell
Aloof from mortal clay!

The soul's fine essence only then,
Detached, transported, goes
From all this mortal coiling, when,
Enrapt, it freely glows!

'Tis thus from spirits finely wrought
We feel the touch divine;
The sweet velocity of thought,
As, Milton, such was thine!

Boy, at the hour of ten exclude,
Not only friends and foes,
But let no buzzing fly obtrude—
Let all the world repose.

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If love come knocking at my gate,
O! bid him call again;
Should he on young Dorinda wait,
Why—do not let her in!

For if, a visionary shade,
She hover at my side,
How can I, when I see the maid,
Contemplate aught beside?

Yet, child, your softest words employ,
Dorinda to dismiss;
Soft—as, upon her sleeping boy,
A mother's morning kiss!

TO A FRIEND.

Bethink, my friend, how much we lost,
By idlers who our childhood taught;
Of time, of talents, what the cost!
So rare the power to waken thought!

Where is the wit that not repines,
For chance neglected, tasks imposed?
Where is the mind that greatly shines,
The gates of science not unclosed?

Thanks to that Providence that gave
Our youthful steps a mightier guide;
From error ever prompt to save,
And skilled to check the idle tide.

Rare was the talent he possessed,
To wake and rouse the ingenuous mind,
And while he pierced and fired the breast,
Exalted, broadened, and refined.

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He glanced through clouds, the living spark,
Caught from the Almighty's altar-fire,
Which burst upon the region dark,
Like lightning down the slumbering wire.

And as the guardian angel stood,
When youthful earth from chaos sprung,
And placed the mountain, stream, and wood,
And beauty o'er their order flung,

So, desultory rays unbound,
He gathered in one orb of light—
Chaos grew luminous around—
All was magnificent and bright.

And he could pass from low to high,
Not on one murky spot to rest!
A tenant both of earth and sky,
With swallow-winning wing or eagle's fiery crest—
Now in the immortal synod fixed his seat,
By Bacon's side, at Newton's feet,
An honored, an exalted guest.

NOTE. It is not so much an acquired skill, such as is useful in the common routine of instruction, as an intuitive perception of the capacity of the scholar, and an earnest and ingenuous method of drawing talents out, by exhibiting in themselves the very genius which they are operating upon, and raising a fermentation by the leaven of their own minds, that remarkably distinguishes a few instructers. "I attribute," said the late Professor ———, "my power of thinking to the stimulating example and instruction of Mr. ———." And this pupil of ——— was no less remarkable for his power of communicating knowledge and of exciting to study. Wherever he moved no company could be dull. His interesting countenance and manner; his animated expression; his fluency of language; his affluence of ideas; his varied knowledge; his solidity of thought, and novelty of observation; the sprightliness of his wit, and the accommodating ease with which he conversed on any subject; made the epicure forget his dainties, the author his egotism, and the lover his mistress. At table, every knife has been suspended by the charm of his unaffected and unstudied eloquence—an eloquence that was as captivating in private, as it was subduing, when expanding in public the sublime doctrines of the gospel!

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AN INVITATION TO

1. my fortune ill supplies,
A pyramid of various dies,
Of glasses chased with curious art;
A few burnt china, neat and plain,
Heir-looms of Queen Eliza's reign,
As fine a relish yet impart.

2. For wed to no poetic dreams,
Of blissful groves, and purling streams,
And shepherds innocent of thought;
I dare, a heretic, confess
The world has much of happiness,
Though spare the means, if rightly sought.

3. Nor, were my fortune great, would I,
With carpets of rich Persian die,
In varied pomp my mansion deck;
Lest when death comes, as come he must,
The purple clouds of pleasure burst,
And leave no monumental wreck.

4. The less I have, the less I spare
Of rosy hours to anxious care—
Alert, when sounds the post-boy's horn,
No dread of thieves my steps delay,
No notes unpaid retard my way,
I mount the coach and seize the morn—

5. In some romantic, rural seat,
Where learning, wit, and friendship meet,
Enjoy the rustic walk and ride;
Where beauty needs not rouge her face,
Where prudes, if prudes there were, unlace,
And quit, of city forms, the pride.

6. And when you deign the court to quit,
And sport your rare and festive wit,

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It seems, though simpler is the place,
The little spot we call our own,
Shines brighter than a diamond throne,
With pleasure's pure, transparent grace.

7. Then come, awhile your brows unbend,
Regard not what "the Gauls intend,"
Or what the supple senate's aim;
Forego his Honor's sumptuous feast,
And put, for one long day at least,
The busy pettish world to shame.

8. Annals, so long involved in dust,
To less propitious moments trust,
When fancy not a plume can lift;
When spleenless industry can pass
The historic magnet through the mass
Of ore, and gems from rubbish sift.

9. Nor for your favourite schemes delay;
The poor usurp a holy-day;
And shall their guardian be denied?
Widows and orphans pour their thanks,
For charities, and schools, and banks,
And in your joys are gratified!

10. The rural walk, the rural pipe,
The purple cherry, bursting ripe;
The animated wood, the glow
Of health, that dances on the plain,
The laugh that leaps from swain to swain,
All, all, the liveliest joy bestow.

11. Then leave to those deep thinking heads,
Who wink upon ambition's beds,
T' adjust the balances of state;
Quincy, without your aid, shall strike
Out plans, which vagabonds dislike,
To make the city good and great.

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12. To make the city good!—will he
Of salt deprive the mighty sea?
Restrict the wild bee's annual swarm?
Of nightly weeds, the growth suppress?
Deserts, with beauteous verdure dress?
All nature's crooked paths reform?
13. The rocky mountain lakes command?
Fix Arkansas' sea-waving sand?
Bid springs of crystal water flow,
Ere Nuttall once again explore,
Not golden fleece, nor golden ore,
But plants in trackless wilds that blow?
14. To make the city great!—if skill,
And treasure, answer to his will,
Ye Cæsars! Europe's wealth who waste,
Must cower before that people's sense,
Their honest earnings, who dispense,
To join utility and taste.
15. Genius, in his capacious mind,
Looks for the coming age to find
His bold conceptions all complete—
Now, the gigantic spirit heaves;
Then, the incumbent rock it cleaves,
And gains an elevated seat.
16. Nature, in some propitious hour,
Did from this rock-bound coast out-pour,
The deluge wave, and bid it show
The round swell of those breasts of green,
With streams and smiling vales between,
In equal and harmonious flow,
17. Boston's magnificent outline,
In midst of picturesque design—
Naught can the painter more desire—
Genius and art have scope to place,
Works of sublimity and grace;
To polish and high thoughts inspire!

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18. All that can elevate the soul,
All that with grandeur can control,
All that with beauty charms, be placed—
Sons of those men of ancient zeal,
Stern martyrs to the public weal—
Where the wild deer was lately chased!

19. But the foundation he must lay
In young and animated clay—
Stamp on its light and plastic youth,
What gives all energy of thought,
Impressions justly, deeply wrought,
Of moral and religious truth!

20. Spurning that popular applause,
Reckless of principle and laws,
Sail on—sublime as eagles soar,
High o'er the tempests round that sweep,
While shakes the rock, and yawns the deep,
Tremendous, in tumultuous roar!

21. Then may he man's imperious mind,
With truth's immortal precepts bind—
A task, in which reformers fail.
Yet we, from all this buzz of vice,
Can shelter seek midst polar ice,
If forced to quit this blooming vale.

22. Then haste, enjoy the rosy hour,
While fragrance breathes from every flower;
The longest summer is but brief;
And he, the man of reason, errs,
To crop the harvest, who defers,
Of pleasures rare, and scattered leaf.

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THOUGH tame thy fancy, and though dull thy wit,
Go, little Volume, to HER eye submit,
Who first, awakening from more idle dreams,
Prompted to meditate exhaustless themes.
To her bright rays existence thou dost owe,
Which caused the thought to spring, the verse to flow;
The thought less perfect, and the verse less clear,
Than metes her standard, than requires her ear.
If to her high conceptions thou couldst reach,
Her force of thought, her eloquence of speech,
Share her approving glance of polished taste—
Then should I think thee, elegantly chaste!
But humbler fortunes must thy course attend;
And drop the claims of Poet, in the Friend.

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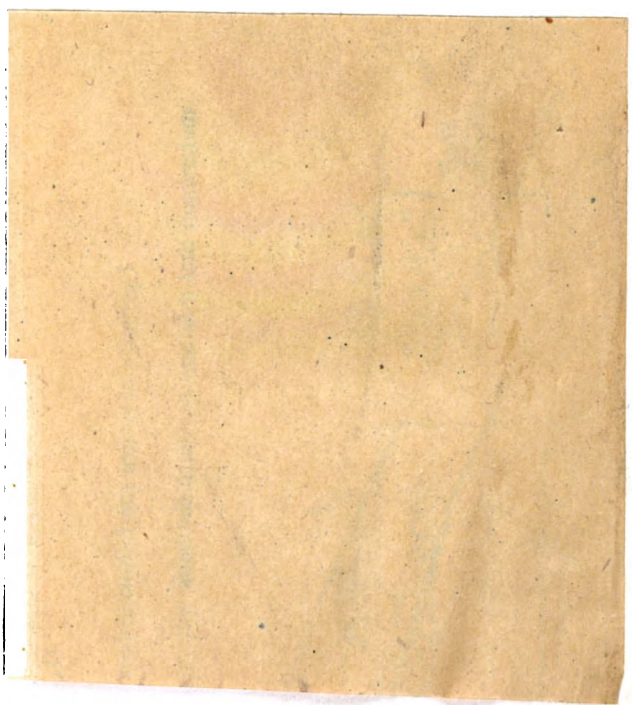

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